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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 95.—Vol. VII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 27, 1905 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d

Photo by *Alice Hughes*

Lady Violet Elliot

Youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Minto. Lady Violet will shortly accompany her father to India, when he takes up his appointment as Viceroy

No. 95.—Vol. VII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.

THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The 6 o'clock programme is entirely different from that at 3 and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.

Prices: Boxes, £2 2*s.*, £1 11*s.* 6*d.*, and £1 1*s.*; Fauteuils, 10/6 and 7/6; Stalls, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1/-; Balcony, 6*d.* (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

BOOKS RECEIVED

GENERAL LITERATURE

"With the Eyes of a Man." A Book of Essays. By Hubert Bland. (Werner Laurie: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Sea Life in Nelson's Time." By John Masefield. (Methuen: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Reflections of a Householder." By E. H. Lacon Watson. (S. C. Brown Langham: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Life of Charles Dickens." By Percy Fitzgerald. 2 vols. (Chatto and Windus: 21*s.*)

"The Zoo." A Scamper. By Walter Emanuel. Illustrated by John Hassall. (Alston Rivers.)

"In Search of El Dorado." By Alexander Macdonald. (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Verses, Wise or Otherwise." By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. (Cassell: 5*s.*)

"The Pocket Richard Jefferies." Edited by A. H. Hyatt. (Chatto and Windus: 2*s.*)

"Baby Bunting and Co." Written and Illustrated by Irene Payne. (Jarrold: 1*s.*)

FICTION

"The Case of Miss Elliott." By Baroness Orczy. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Dilys." By F. E. Penny. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"Grand Relations." By J. S. Fletcher. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Pillar of Light." By Louis Tracy. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"Sacred and Profane Love." By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"Divers Vanities." By Arthur Morrison. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Brown Eyes of Mary." By E. Maria Albanesi. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"A Waif's Progress." By Rhoda Broughton. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"Partners of the Tide." By Joseph C. Lincoln. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"The Coming of the Tide." By Margaret Sherwood. (Constable: 6*s.*)

"The Claim Jumpers." By Stewart Edward White. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"Rose of the River." By Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.*)

"The Princess and the Kitchen Maid." By Dorothea Deakin. (Chatto and Windus: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Dorothy Raeburn." By Reginald Turner. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"Rosamond's Morality." By Gordon C. Whadcoat. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"The Household of Peter." By Rosa Nouchette Carey. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"The Colonel's Dream." By Charles W. Chesnutt. (Constable: 6*s.*)

"A Cumberland Vendetta." By John Fox, Junr. (Constable: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"A Nine Days' Wonder." By B. M. Crocker. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Random Jottings

A Menace of the Future

"In three years' time, the Russian Government, which has already voted twenty millions for the purpose, expects its Navy to be as strong as it ever was." This announcement is said to be causing a good deal of anxiety to the proprietors of fishing smacks.

A Russian Fair

There is some prospect, it seems, of a Russian Fair being exhibited in London next year. If a real Commissioner of Police could be blown up daily by the real bomb of a real Nihilist, the Fair ought certainly to pay its enterprising producers.

Other Features

Cossacks driving citizens before them with whips would be an interesting feature. During this part of the performance police officials would, of course, rest themselves.

The Safety of Ballooning

The long-distance balloon race from Belgium is regarded as one of the most successful that has yet been flown. None of the competitors fell instantly, two dropped with much presence of mind into a river, and another came to a stop on the edge of a cliff, no one being injured. More of these races, and the prejudice against airships will only continue among those who do not care to have people falling on them suddenly from a great height.

The Difficulties of a Head Master

If Canon Lyttelton, the new Head Master of Eton, meets with half the difficulties in conducting that school which the imagination of the reporter has concocted for him, he will not have an easy time. According to one authority, the boy with the motor-car will completely baffle him. Properly begoggled, the ingenious youth will, under the Canon's very nose, get into his motor-car and be off to London for his half-holiday like any other man who has a motor.

SHE: "And you needn't think you are such a great catch. I know very few really nice girls who would marry you"
HE: "Oh, well, very few would be quite enough"

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

Stopping the Motorist

There certainly seems difficulties in the way of putting a stop to this class of adventure. The Canon can hardly stop all motorists, within a certain radius, and ask them to remove their goggles, so as to prove that they are not Eton boys. For one thing, it would take up too much time. For another, motorists would decline to stop.

The Millionaire at School

The only way to deal with the matter (supposing it to be a matter of importance, and somehow it is a little hard to believe that many Eton boys spend their half-holidays in motoring up to town) would be to prevent members of the school from having cars at their disposal, by limiting their pocket-money. And that way, it seems, is not wholly feasible. The millionaire is not easy to extract money from as a rule; but his sons do not find the process as difficult as do other people. Perhaps it would be a good thing if the millionaire element went out of vogue at Eton. Riches are not to be despised, except at school. At a great school they very well might be.

At a Dublin Picture Gallery

NEAR-SIGHTED OLD LADY: "Could you tell me where that very nice Sargent is?"

"Sure 'n perhaps it's meself"

Too Capuan

Are we indeed becoming too Capuan, as Mr. Samuel Smith says? It seems not unlike it when one hears that the latest luxury is an ocean liner fitted with "a dark room for amateur photographers and various suites of rooms upholstered in historic styles." Yet when the liner begins to roll a bit, what will those luxuries amount to? Amateur photographers may still find the dark room useful, but most passengers who are not good sailors will be summoning the steward to search their historically upholstered suites for a basin.

Menaced Millionaires

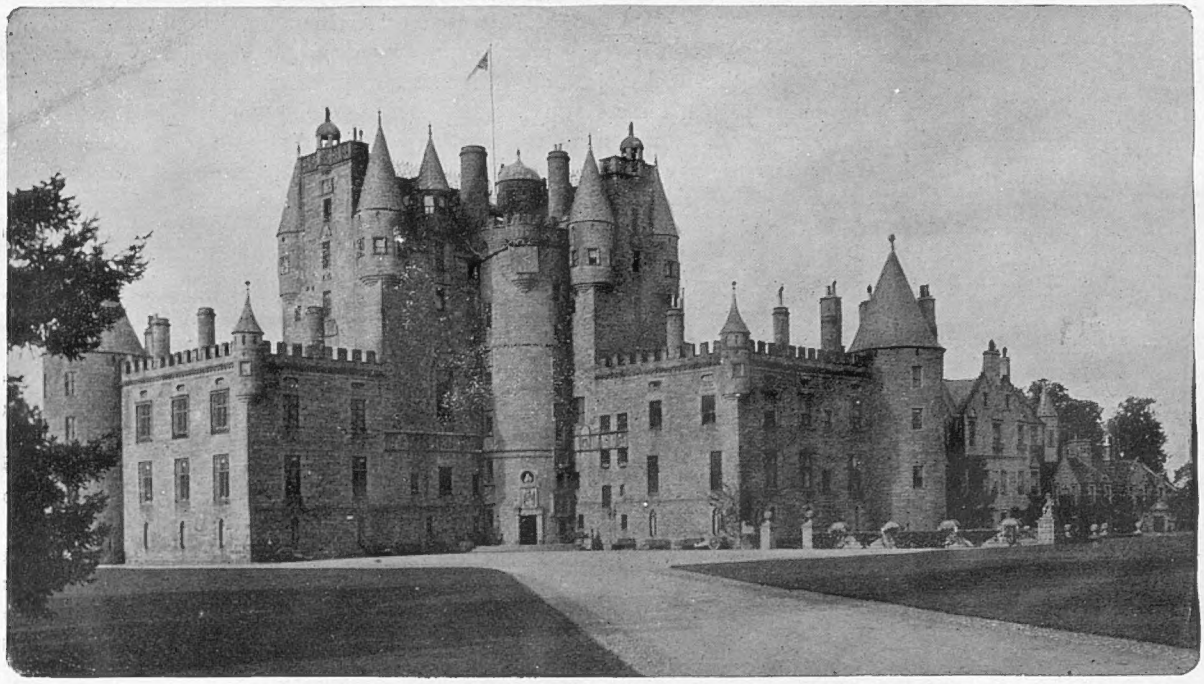
Mr. Hall Caine has declared that his next book will, in all probability, deal with the great commercial rulers of America. We understand that shortly there is likely to be something akin to a panic in Wall Street.

"Now then, Brutus, dear, look pleasant while I photograph you"

DRAWN BY HILDA COWHAM

Glamis Castle

WHERE LORD GLAMIS RECENTLY CELEBRATED HIS COMING-OF-AGE



Glamis Castle, the Forfarshire seat of the Earls of Strathmore, which is popularly supposed to be haunted

The following is, according to *Vanity Fair*, the most generally accepted version of the famous ghost story of Glamis Castle: "Hundreds of years ago the Lord Glamis of that day was playing cards with another noble of Angus. So engrossed did they become that they forgot it was Saturday night, and that Sunday was fast approaching. An old retainer, who ventured to remind the players of the time, only got sworn at for his pains, and both averred they would go on playing, if needs be, till Doomsday. As it struck twelve, so the legend runs, a man dressed in black appeared, who informed them that he had taken their lordships at their word, and, according to the tradition, the walls are supposed to have closed in on them forthwith. It is said that every year, on the night in question, the spirits of these two gamblers play cards in the secret room of the Castle, when the rattle of dice is heard, and other noises, more or less mysterious."

Photos by

The Drawing Room at Glamis Castle

Maude A. Craigie-Halkett

Tapestries in the billiard-room, representing scenes from the life of Nebuchadnezzar

Anticipations—VIII.

The Baby Congress of the Future

["*The scientifically reared child of the future will possess at a few years of age as much intelligence as the present-day parent.*" DAILY PAPER.]

The City of Liége, placidly lying by the banks of the slow-winding Meuse, is given over to members of the Baby Congress. The Congress, which began its work to-day, is planning excursions to take place each day after the discussion of a mass of essays on "The Parent as He Should Be," and each excursion is to end at a crèche full of lusty grown-ups.

The morning was devoted to the sections which include: "The Social Impulses and Training of the Parent," "Fathers' Clubs," "Grown-ups' Handwriting and Its Evidences of Character," "Intellectual Fatigue in Parents," "The Education of the Mother for Family Life," etc.

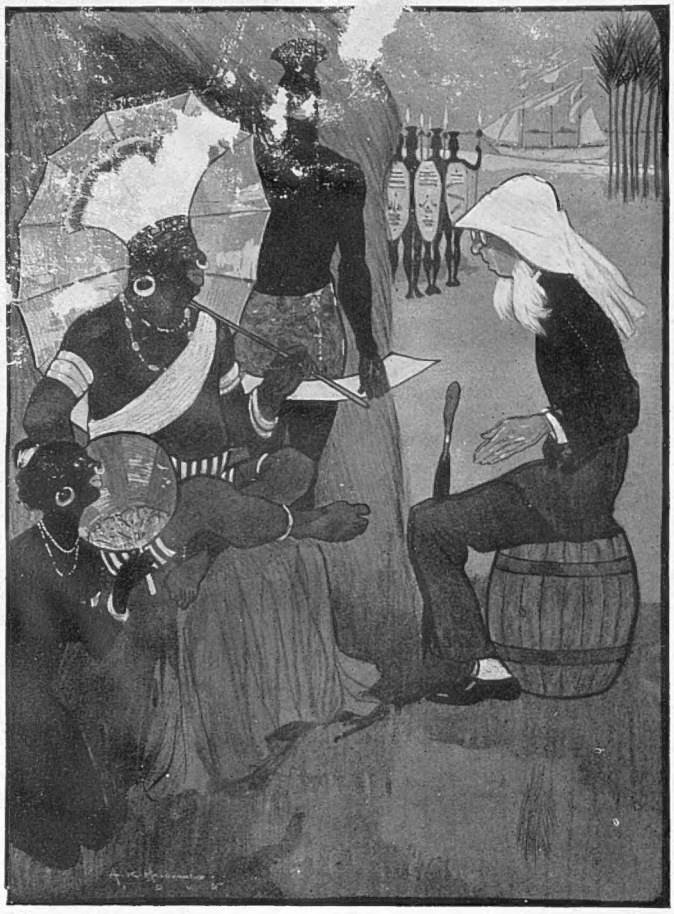
An interesting paper was read by Miss Smith (6½), England, on "The Proper Care and Management of Parents." In the course of this paper, Miss Smith said it was cruel and unnatural always to keep parents downstairs in the charge of cooks and butlers, who neglected them. They should be allowed up at least twice a day.

M. Jean Pierre (5), France, argued, on the other hand, that it was no use spoiling the parent. Enough would be seen of the parent in later life. It was better for him to learn to stand on his own legs, and not depend for support upon the society of his children.

Fraulein Muller (4½), Germany, created a sensation by declaring that many old bachelors did not care to spend much of their time in the nursery. Uncles were willing to play bears at times, but too much advantage should not be taken of their good temper, and children should be careful not to eat jam before saying good-bye to this amiable class of adult.

Master Jonathan (3), U.S.A., guessed that parents would have to smarten up a bit, if they wanted to survive at all. What children wanted was brainy parents, who could make money for them down town. Parents might very well, he thought, live [illegible]own altogether, as they were not very interesting socially.

A paper on "Asylums for School-teachers" will be read to-morrow morning, and will be followed by one on "Crèches for Spinsters."



THE CHIEF: "And my white brother promises that he will send more missionaries to my kraal?"

DELIGHTED MISSION AGENT: "Certainly—with pleasure! And I am indeed rejoiced to find you so interested. Now, are there any requests you would wish to make concerning them?"

THE CHIEF: "Yes; during this very hot weather would you mind sending them *tinned?*"

Drawn by A. K. Macdonald

The Omnibus Driver as Medium

Archdeacon Colley, whose spiritualistic experiences have been causing a good deal of interest, has informed an interviewer that "one of the incidents which went furthest to convince him was that of the spirit of a witch, which spoke Hindoostani through the medium of an untutored omnibus driver." A good many people, we imagine, might corroborate the Archdeacon on this point. We ourselves have often heard an untutored omnibus driver using language which might very well be a cross between that of a Hindoo and a witch.

What Sort of Cottage?

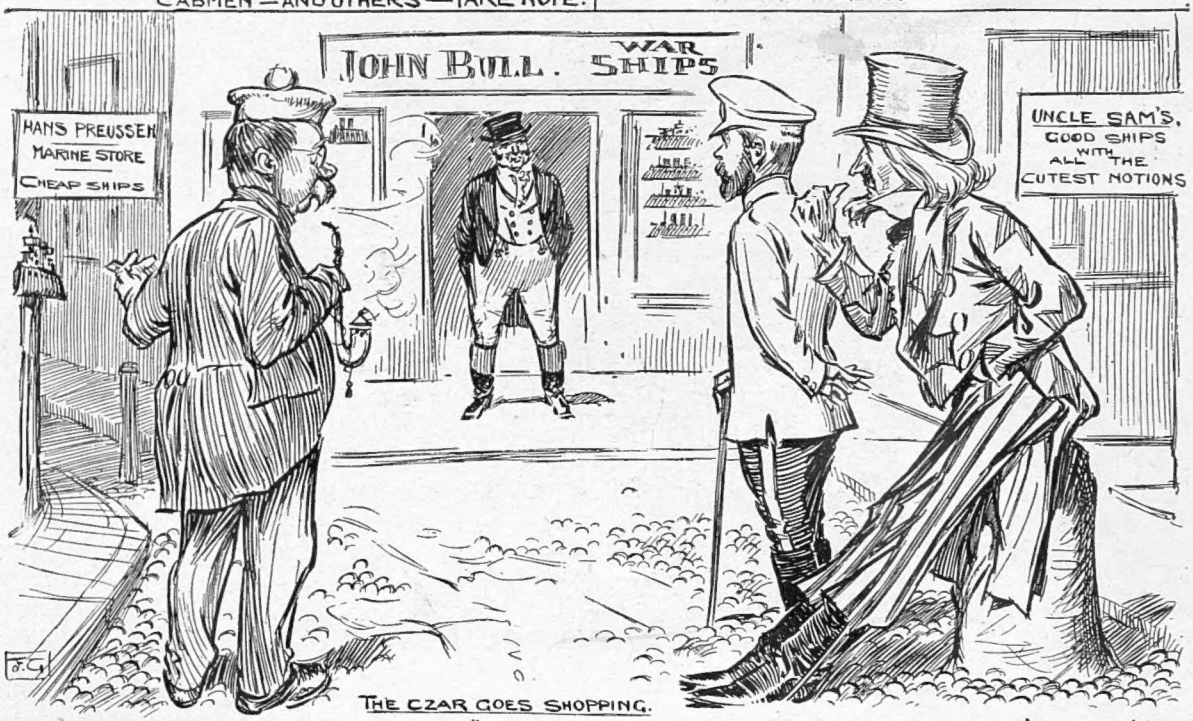
"Cottage wanted by a lady who has one son at the University."—*The Church Times.* It is difficult to say what style of architecture a lady who has one son at the University would require her cottage to be built in. No doubt it would have to be different from the cottage of a lady with one son in a brewery or two daughters at school. But architects, at any rate, cannot complain that their work is monotonous while such fine distinctions as this are made.

The Death of the Cab Horse

Horse-flesh is said to be consumed to such an extent in Germany that there will soon be some difficulty in getting a cab. Luckily, it is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good, and the automobile industry is going ahead. As an enthusiastic driver has pointed out, the time will never come when one will be able to eat an automobile.

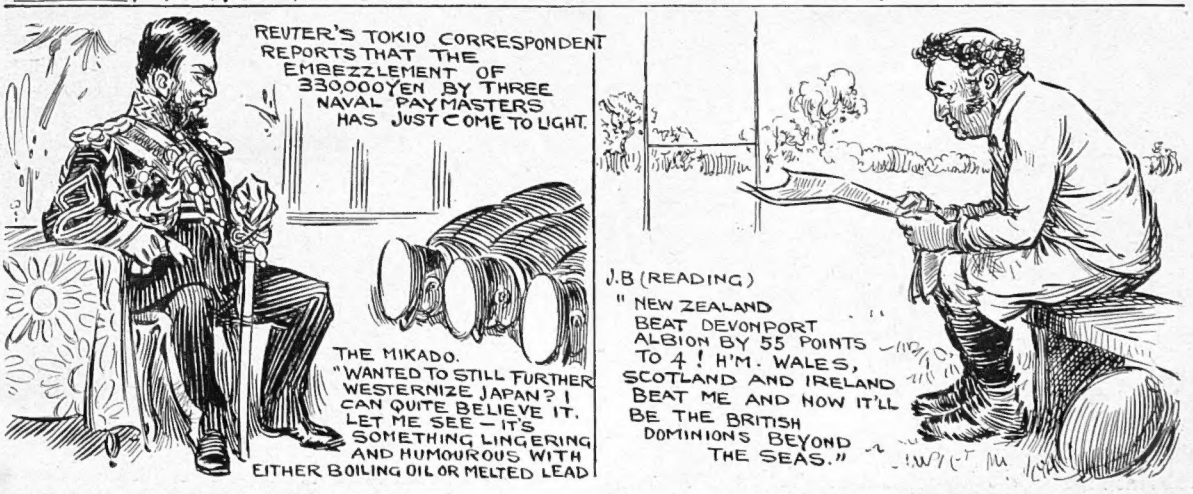
The Topictator

TO AVOID OFFENDING THE SUSCEPTIBILITIES OF LADIES IN COURT A WITNESS RECENTLY MADE USE OF THE WORDS "BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES" TO EXPRESS THE VOLUME OF ABUSE USED IN AN ALTERCATION. CABMEN—AND OTHERS—TAKE NOTE.



THE CZAR GOES SHOPPING.

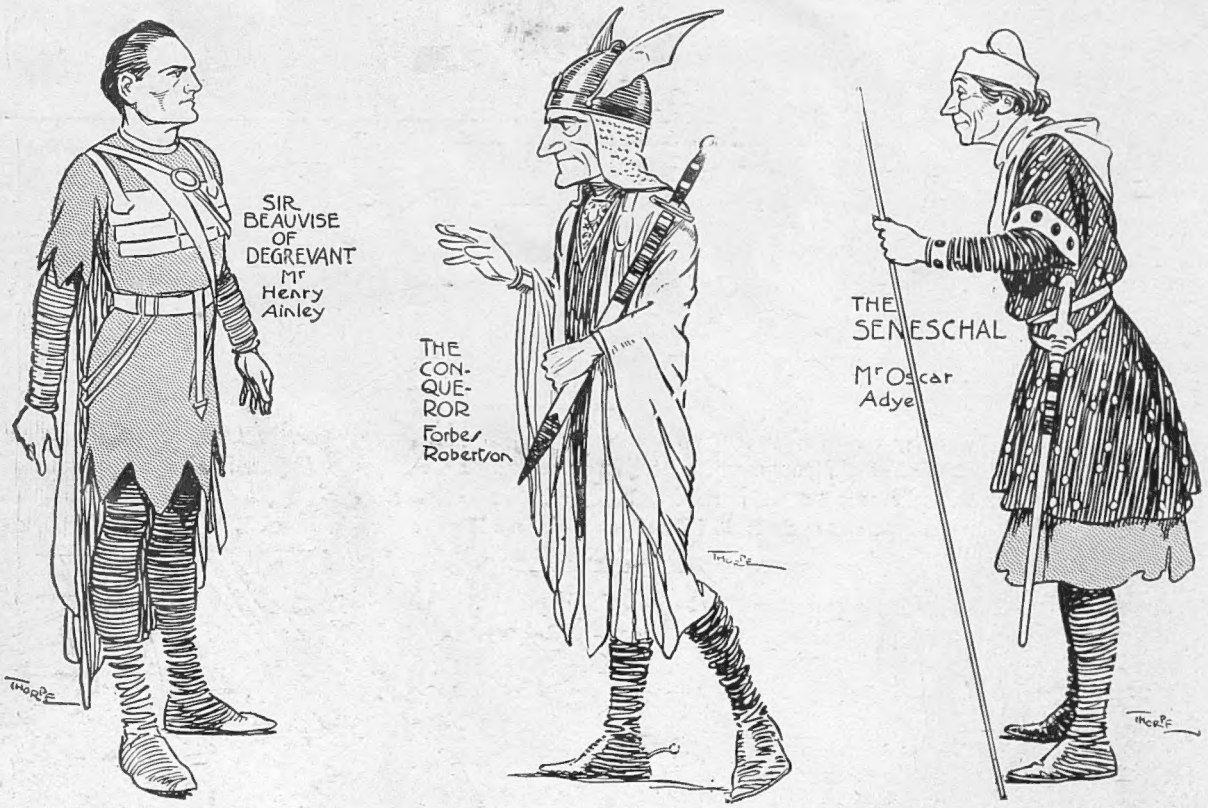
GERMANY. "MINE VAS VER' SHEAP, AIN'T IT?" AMERICA "SAY—LOOK AT MINE, NICK—THEY'RE GOOD!" THE CZAR. "YES, YES! QUITE SO! BUT HIS OVER THERE—HIS ARE BOTH!"



THE PLAYHOUSES

"THE CONQUEROR," AT THE SCALA THEATRE

If ever a play stood a chance of success *The Conqueror* is that play. It was produced in the most favourable circumstances; at a theatre admittedly the most beautiful in London, possibly in the world; by an actor-manager who has the esteem, nay, the love of the public. The occasion was in every manner so propitious as to inspire in the hearts of the audience a strong desire for the play to be a success. The difference between an audience with this mood upon them as they take their seats and the average audience gathered upon the average first night is the difference between a flying start and a standing start.



The Conqueror had a flying start. When it began to slow down, people crushed down their disappointment with the thought, "Never mind, there is plenty of time for it to pick up speed." Alas for their hopes! With all the goodwill in the world—and they were in a mood to forgive much—the audience were forced to admit that *The Conqueror* made very poor running. With the exception of a spurt in the fourth act, the pace was a mere jog-trot. The text of the play is a line from Anatole France: "Le romancier bien inspiré prend pour ses héros les inconnus que l'histoire dédaigne, que ne sont personne, et qui sont tout le monde." In truth, a fine text. There are plenty of heroes unsung by history, whom a dramatist might have created to stir our blood. Morven, the Conqueror, was, unfortunately, not one of these. The inspiration of the romancer, in this case, was lacking.

An Undramatic Fantasy

The selection of the text was the best part of Mr. R. E. Fyffe's work.

His fantasy is undramatic. He leaves too much to the imagination of his hearers. The characters, picturesquely clad as Vikings, shout and brandish their swords, but never for a moment are we let into the secret of the motives which inspire them to so much apparent action. Morven himself is as warlike a figure as one could wish to see. As he sits upon his white war-horse (an admirable actor) he is a picture of stage heroism But his heroics strike no responsive note in our breasts. The play is merely a series of beautifully produced tableaux. Not even the central motive of the play is set forth clearly enough for the purposes of drama. Morven, the blood-stained Conqueror, captures a castle of his enemy, and meets there a fair-haired child of about sixteen years. His heart is turned to tenderness. He gives her a golden ball to play with, and tells her a fairy tale too involved for the comprehension of even the modern child. In a vague way we realise that he loves the child Amoranza, and when she is old enough he will take her to wife. He sends her away to a castle with the promise that one day he will come to her disguised, perhaps as a beggar, perhaps as a mouse. A bald resumé may turn a real romance into ridicule, but no injustice is done to *The Conqueror* by setting forth in cold print the main story of the play, for the reason that neither in spirit nor in language does it ever approach the borders of romance.

"I am Aweary." "I am Aweary," etc.

The child grows to a woman possessed apparently with one idea—the coming of her old friend the Conqueror. When an unknown Knight is announced by the seneschal of the castle, a gentleman, who turned our thoughts to the coloured plates in the forthcoming Christmas numbers, Amoranza makes no secret of the fact that she is quite prepared for the sight of the long-looked-for Morven. The Knight is Sir Beauvise of Degrevant, whom Morven, for some reason not clearly stated, has been pursuing, with a view to ending his life. Beauvise is but mortal, and he does not at all dislike the coming-on disposition of the fair Châtelaine. In her case the wish is father to the thought, and noting that Beauvise has blue eyes and is rather tall, she is quickly convinced that he is Morven.

When the real Morven turns up, he finds the woman of his dreams and his mortal enemy playing hide and seek. He is very annoyed, and orders his soldiery to take Beauvise off to instant execution. Finally better feelings prevail, as they so often do upon the stage. Amoranza offers to be his wife if only he will spare the life of Beauvise.

Touched by her sacrifice, and realising that he is odd man, Morven, after decking the happy couple with the ropes of pearls and handfuls of jewels which he had bought for Amoranza, turns his sword upon himself.

The last act was immeasurably the best, but it could not atone for the long and arid stretches which preceded it—stretches of dialogue unenlivened by poetic fancy. Had *The Conqueror* been the work of a poet, the story, thin as it was, might have sufficed. But the language of the play was quite commonplace. No happy turn of phrase or graceful image remains in the mind. There was frequent mention of stars and eglantine, but both have been employed by writers to much better advantage.

A curious fact asserted itself in connection with the acoustics of the theatre. At times, Mr. Forbes Robertson's beautiful voice seemed too heavy for the house. The actor's tones vibrated in such manner as to interfere with their clearness. The tiny voice of Miss Doris Lytton, as the Amoranza of the first act, and again Miss Gertrude Elliot's voice were heard to better advantage than were those of any of the men performers Evidently, the Scala, magnificent as are its proportions, is not a theatre where any extra power is needed in order that the voice should be heard.

E. C. S.

Photo by *D. Knights-Whitton*

The King and other guests of Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey

STANDING (*left to right*): Colonel Davidson, Mr. Rothschild, Hon. Eleanor Brougham, Captain the Hon. R. Greville, Lord Savile, Earl of Crewe, Mrs. Viner, Lord Brougham, Hon. John Ward

SITTING: (*left to right*) Countess of Crewe, Hon. Mrs. R. Greville, Lady Brougham, The King, Lady Savile, Hon. Mrs. Keppel, Mrs. Hwfa Williams

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

By the death of Colonel Francis Rhodes, one of the central figures in South African history for many years has gone. Although a soldier by profession, and one who had seen much hard fighting in our Egyptian campaigns, the late Colonel Rhodes's reputation will rest upon the unflinching loyalty he displayed towards the Empire-making schemes of his great brother, and for the energy and outspokenness with which he upheld his friends in the days when Englishmen hardly knew whether to rejoice or be ashamed of the Jameson Raid. As one of the signatories of the famous letter which led up to that regrettable incident, Colonel Rhodes was sentenced to death at Pretoria, though this was afterwards commuted to a fine of £25,000. One who was present at the trial (Sir Francis Younghusband), has written an account in which he paid a glowing tribute to the courage displayed by Colonel Rhodes. "Even his

Photo by *Bassano*

Colonel Frank Rhodes

Who died last week in South Africa at Groote Schuur, the residence of his brother, the late Cecil Rhodes

enemies, with [illegible] roughness," wrote the late Captain Younghusband, "were able to speak with admiration of the dignity with which he carried himself on this awful occasion, and to say that they understood now what was meant by the term, 'an English gentleman.'" Again, when urged to leave Ladysmith before the siege, Colonel Rhodes made a reply characteristic of himself and of all the Rhodes family. "No," he said, "under all the circumstances, remembering who and what I am and have been, and the position thrust upon me in this fatal quarrel, I must remain. Indeed, I must be the very last to quit Ladysmith." Cecil Rhodes, at his death, left Dalham Hall to Colonel Rhodes, and since his retirement from the Army, two years ago, Colonel Rhodes has spent his time between Groote Schuur, of which we give an illustration below, and his splendid Norfolk estate at Dalham.

View of Groote Schuur, the home of the late Cecil Rhodes, at which his brother, Colonel Frank Rhodes, died last week

The late Cecil Rhodes made his home at Groote Schuur, near Cape Town, a faithful reproduction of an old Colonial Dutch farmhouse. Groote Schuur is carrying on its historic traditions, for it is now used as the official residence of the Premier of Cape Colony, the popular "Dr Jim"

A New Portrait of the King for India

A N[illegible] Portrait of the King

S[illegible] in[illegible] attache[illegible] to [illegible] of Kin[illegible] [illegible] represents t[illegible] [illegible] Field-Marshal's [illegible]orm, with the robe of the Star of India. Forty-four [illegible]il paintings, of which this is [illegible] reproduction, have just been completed by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, the Court photographers, at the order of the Indian Government. Also five hundred and twenty large colour prints of the same. One of the oil pictures is on view at the Royal Photographic Societies' Exhibition at the New Gallery.

Photo by *W. and D. Downey*

A new portrait of King Edward VII. in Field-Marshal's uniform

Lady Violet Elliot

The subject of our frontispiece this week is Lady Violet Elliot, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Minto. Lady Violet is very keen on sport, a taste which she will have many opportunities of indulging when she accompanies her parents to India in the near future. The youthful daughter of the future Viceroy is an expert skater, an accomplishment which she acquired from her sojourn in Canada, but her favourite outdoor sports are riding and driving.

Our Country Visitors

Our country cousins have not all returned to their homes. One can still hear on the top of 'buses the broad accents of the north. And there are yet visitors who are at once spotted by the evident interest they take in their surroundings. The Londoner keeps his eyes pretty much [illegible]n a level. He uses them [illegible]rely for the sake of avoiding collisions with pedestrians.

It is a novelty, therefore, to see a party of visitors walking in the middle of the road to get a better view of the buildings on either side. Our honest friends, the Gorleston Lifeboatmen, pictured below, are not so interfering with the traffic, but the manner in which they are lined up to gaze at the monument to England's greatest sailor has an ingenuousness which approaches charm.

Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

Our Country Visitors: Gorleston Lifeboatmen lining up in Trafalgar Square to view Nelson's Column

The Future Queen of Bavaria

A Great Dublin Wedding

Last Wednesday (20th), Dublin was *en fête* in honour of the marriage of one of her prettiest daughters, Miss Aileen Smyly, to her cousin, Sir Philip of that ilk, Chief Justice of Sierra Leone. The bride is the daughter of Sir William Smyly, the famous Irish surgeon, who is President of the Royal College of Physicians, Dublin, and the wedding reception took place in the Royal College, seldom graced by so brilliant a gathering. The marriage was performed by the Archbishop of Dublin assisted by the Dean of Christ Church, in the Cathedral, the ceremony took place. Miss Smyly wore a very beautiful wedding gown of white satin, draped with some magnificent Carrickmacross lace both on the skirt and bodice. The ten bridesmaids were costumed in pale pink taffetas, and wore over-wreaths of pink heather and long veils of pink tulle. Sir Philip and Lady Smyly are spending their honeymoon in Killarney.

Photo by *Elvira*

Princess Rupprecht of Bavaria, future Queen of Bavaria

Princess Rupprecht's husband is the grandson of Prince Luitpold, Regent of Bavaria

The Bavarian Royal Family

Most people have heard of the strange romantic figure of King Otto of Bavaria. Like his predecessor, who was so generous a patron of Wagner, Otto is insane, and since his brother was declared, nineteen years ago, he has lived in entire seclusion. He possesses the most splendid series of castles in Europe, and moves from one to the other, but he never appears at Court, and the practical ruler of Bavaria is Prince Luitpold, who has now reigned during the lifetime of two Kings. The Regent is a splendid old man, and though he has at times not been popular, the good folk of Munich fêted in splendid fashion his eightieth birthday, and it is generally admitted that he has discharged his difficult duties with sense and discretion. Prince Luitpold is now eighty-four, but he is still a vigorous man, keeping the government of the country in his hands, though he is, of course, much helped by his son, Prince Louis, and also by his grandson, Prince Rupprecht.

Photos by

Sir Philip M. C. Smyly

Lafayette

Miss Aileen Grace Smyly

Sir Philip Crampton Smyly's marriage with Miss Aileen Grace, eldest daughter of Sir William and Lady Smyly, of Merrion Square, Dublin took place last week

The Royal House of Bavaria

Photo by *Müller*

Four generations of the Royal House of Bavaria

Prince Luitpold, Regent for the mad King Otto of Bavaria, is seated at the right of the illustration. The other generations are represented by his son, Prince Louis, his grandson, Prince Rupprecht, and his little great-grandson, Prince Luitpold, aged four years

A Future Queen

Princess Rupprecht of Bavaria is one of the most charming and highly educated of future Queens, and it is probable that she and her husband will, next year, pay a visit to the British Court. His marriage to the fourth daughter of the ducal oculist, Carl Theodore of Bavaria, took place five years ago, a few months before the bride's younger sister became the

Art's Attraction to Automobilism

Photo by *Jaeger and Goerzen*

Professor Von Herkomer, the famous artist, in his motor-car

wife of yet another heir presumptive, Prince Albert of Belgium. Prince and Princess Rupprecht are much loved in Munich, where they take an active interest in the social, musical, and intellectual circles for which that city is famed. Their happy married life has been shadowed by one great grief, the death of their baby daughter from diphtheria during their absence in the Far East, for the Prince and Princess have already travelled a great deal. They have a little son, who is now four years old, and who is named Luitpold, after his great-grandfather. Prince and Princess Rupprecht are related, and their marriage was the outcome of a Royal romance. Peculiar interest would attach to their visit to this country, owing to the fact that

The Apostle of Cheap Bread

the Prince's mother, Princess Louis of Bavaria, is descended in the direct line from our former Stuart sovereigns—indeed, there are some scatter-brained enthusiasts who style her, "Queen Mary III. of England and Queen Mary II. of Scotland."

Professor Hubert von Herkomer

A distinguished subject of the Bavarian Regent is Professor von Herkomer, whose study in life is Art, and whose recreation is Automobilism. Born at Waal, in Bavaria, in 1849, he has won distinction in his own country, in Paris, and at Oxford, where for nine years he was Slade Professor of Fine Arts. Everyone knows of the Herkomer School of Art at Bushey, but few that its founder lives in a house at Bushey with the sweetly haunting title, "Lululaund." The Professor holds very advanced theories on the subject of stage lighting, and his name came prominently before the public some time back in connection with the abolition of footlights. So much for Art. As for Automobilism, Professor von Herkomer was the donor of a challenge trophy, which was competed for last month, under the auspices of the Bayerischen Automobile Club. The course comprised a 650-mile run through Bavaria, Wurtemburg, and Baden-Baden. The trophy was carried off by Herr Landenburg, of Munich, on his 40 h.-p. Mercédès.

Photo by Byzanotype Portrait Co.

M. Apostoleff

Who has discovered a new process for making bread, whereby it can be sold at half the present price

A Revolution in Bread-making

It is doubtful if the modern world recognises the debt it owes to the Chinese. There are two facts imparted at every school, and those are that we are indebted to the Chinese for printing and gunpowder, and, as if to make up for the curse of the gunpowder, the Chinese were the first to introduce bread. This took place some four thousand years ago, and ever since bread has formed one of the principal foodstuffs in every national diet. In this country it is, indeed, the staff of life, and anything which cheapens it

Photo by Illustrations Bureau

The reception of M. Eugen Sandow at the Admiralty Pier, Dover, on his return to England from India

A great reception was accorded Eugen Sandow on his return to England from a tour of the world last week. His most notable achievement when abroad was the cure of a Parsee of elephantiasis in its most advanced form. The patient had been in the habit of consuming ten pounds of ices when thirsty. A change of diet and six months of Sandow's method wrought an entire cure, the healer pocketing the nice little fee of £10,000

The Joys of an Aide-de-Camp

is to be welcomed. In 1735, the quartern loaf was sold at 5½ *d.*, and though at various times it has risen above this (high-water mark was reached in 1800, when it was 1*s.* 10½*d.*), it still stands at about that price [illegible]ay. Now a revolution is promised by M. Apostolof[illegible] photograph we reproduce, and who has invente[illegible] system of bread-making, by which the price of the loaf will be reduced to half. Already, accor[illegible] contemporary, plant necessary to w[illegible] the [illegible]nciple has been erected i[illegible] [illegible]aily [illegible]pply of sixty tons of br[illegible]

Photo by *Lafayette*
Lord Francis Scott

Lady Essex, w[illegible] [illegible]wite in 1893, was Mis[illegible] [illegible]ug[illegible] [illegible] Mr. Beach Grant, and [illegible] and most pop[illegible] London. She h[illegible] [illegible]rave[illegible] both in England and abroad, [illegible] is extremely fond of cycling, in which taste the elder of her two charming little girls, Lady Iris Capell, shares. Lady Essex was one of the most beautiful peeresses at the Coronation of King Edward, and has frequently sat for her portrait to the best artists, and was the model for Herkomer's well-known picture, "A Lady in White." Lady Essex has had several unfortunate motoring experiences of late. After several mishaps, she vowed she would never enter a car again. The next day, when out driving, her ill-luck pursued her again, and she had the misfortune to injure a pedestrian. Lady Essex does not go in greatly for sport, neither hunting nor golfing, as her health is rather delicate. She is a great friend of Lady Dudley, and often stays with the "Vicereine" in Ireland.

Photo by *Lafayette*
Lord Guernsey

The Life of an Aide-de-Camp

Certain walks in life are so pleasant as to stir envy in the breasts of those least addicted to this one of the seven deadly sins. There are few but would change billets with an aide-de-camp. Part of the duties of these favourites of fortune consists in seeing to it that those around them have a "good time," and if they are not participators in the fun, there is no one to blame but themselves. The Earl of Minto, when he goes to India to take up his position as Viceroy, will be assisted in his social duties by Lord Francis Scott and Lord Guernsey. The former, son of the Duke of Buccleuch, is a major in the 3rd Battalion Royal Scots Militia, and saw service in South Africa. Lord Guernsey is heir to the Earldom of Aylesford. He is a lieutenant in the 7th Hussars.

Photo by *Lafayette*
Lady Essex

A Quartette of French Playwrights

Most people paying even a flying visit to Paris make a point of going to the play, and this autumn a rich feast has been spread out in French stageland. Peculiar interest attaches to Abel Hermant's *Belle Madame Héber*, produced by Porel. The play is said to be [illegible] transcript from real life; be that as it may—and [illegible] same has been said of other plays—the author is am[illegible] the more brilliant younger writers. The son of a well-know[illegible] architect, the playwright first made his mark as a no[illegible] and especially as a ruthless analyst of the feminine heart when tortured by jealousy. Of a very different type, both as n[illegible]

Lord and Lady Rosslyn in Scotland

The Earl and Countess of Rosslyn on board the steam yacht "Valetta"

The *Valetta* was photographed as she lay off Thurso Castle, Caithness, the fine old Scottish seat which Lord Rosslyn and his American bride (formerly Miss Anna Robinson) have taken for the shooting

and writer, is the poet, dramatist, journalist, Catulle Mendès, whose drama, *Glatigny*, is expected to make a great hit at the Odéon. M. Mendès has been for nearly fifty years one of the most conspicuous and picturesque personalities in literary Paris. He has written something like a hundred volumes; and had he not attempted to lead in so many *genres*, he might have been master of one, for he is a delightful

The Return of the Kendals

Photo by *Window and Grove*

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in "Dick Hope" at the St. James's Theatre

It is quite a treat to playgoers to welcome the Kendals back to Town, and there was no mistaking the genuine feeling of the ovation which arose upon the fall of the curtain on *Dick Hope* last Saturday week

poet, and of late he has taken rank as a very clever playwright. Though a great worker—even now he is a weekly contributor to more than one paper—M. Mendès goes out a great deal, and is fond of attending weddings. He is a striking looking man, and one of the twenty odd celebrities whom the Parisian boulevardier always recognises at a glance.

The two brothers, Paul and Victor Margueritte, who have just written a play dealing with divorce, entitled *The Heart and the Law*, come of noted military stock, for their father was a distinguished general who was killed during the Franco-Prussian war. They began writing novels, each separately, and then found that they could work best in collaboration; but only

Four Famous French Playwrights

Photos by] **M. Abel Hermant**

Whose new play, *Belle Madame Héber*, at the Vaudeville is attracting large audiences in Paris

M. Catulle Mendès [*Gerschel*

Poet, journalist, and dramatist, who will bring out a new play shortly at the Odéon called *Glatigny*

comparatively lately have they begun to write for the stage. It is an interesting fact that most successful French playwrights have begun by being journalists or novelists, and it rarely happens that a successful writer of fiction does not turn his or her attention to the stage. *Sappho* made Daudet's name known to a far wider public than knew his stories; and even the lively Gyp has theatrical ambitions.

From a] **Messrs. Paul and Victor Margueritte, the two brother collaborators** [*Painting*

Whose new play, *Le Cœur et La Loi*, a divorce comedy, is shortly to be brought out at the Odéon

In the Track of the Italian Earthquake

The town of Monteleone, which, itself a mass of ruins, is now the centre of supplies to many thousands of homeless people

Following the example set by the King of Italy, there have been many willing helpers on the scenes of the earthquake, and a large sum of money has been subscribed towards rendering temporary relief to the ruined Calabrians

Propping up the cracked walls at Parghelia

The Italians are delighted, as well they may be, at their King's fearlessness in visiting the towns and villages most affected by the disturbance, as there was great danger at the time from falling walls

In the Track of the Italian Earthquake

A house at Parghelia, in which a family of ten people were found killed

The effects of the earthquake were such that almost everywhere total destruction, and not partial destruction, is the result. The King of Italy's impression is contained in the following words:—"My eyes have brought back with them from the scene of the earthquake a vision of horror and suffering such as no imagination could conceive, no pen describe"

The interior of the ruined church at Parghelia

In this one village alone some three hundred people were killed, but at Martarano the number of dead and injured numbered over two thousand. Hundreds of peasants took to the fields, and refused to return to the towns for shelter

A Fresh World for the Conquering Alpinist

CLIMBING IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES AND THE SELKIRKS, BRITISH COLUMBIA

By JULIA W. HENSHAW

No matter what statements I make upon this subject someone will assuredly contradict me! For this I am quite prepared. The expert climber who has "run up Mont Blanc" will say I overestimate the importance and difficulties of the great ascents in the Rocky Mountains; he will maintain that Mount Stephen is an easy climb, and Mount Assiniboine a delightful scramble. As to the Selkirks, he will call Sir Donald a pleasant walk, and the Hermit a capital peak to conquer.

On the Summit of a Rocky Mountain peak in British Columbia

The "tenderfoot" (a newcomer to the West), on the contrary, will go up Mount Abbott, and think he has accomplished a wonderful feat, while after scaling Cheops will deem himself a hero. He will say that the precipices are awful, the ledges the width of a knife, and the *arêtes* things of peril and the perpendicular!

Now, the woman alpinist—who is a frequent visitor to this Wonderland of the West—is, however, much more conservative in her opinions, and, therefore, generally able to maintain a rational balance between despising the giant monarchs of the Rocky Mountains and exaggerating the easier ascents.

Many enthusiasts, both men and women, from all parts of the world, spend their summers every year at Field, Lake Louise, or Glacier; for these three places are unquestionably the best centres in British Columbia from which to make expeditions, as at each of them there are very comfortable châlet hotels, and one can obtain good ponies, camping outfits, and highly efficient Swiss guides.

British Columbia, a Climber's Paradise

From the true mountaineer's point of view, British Columbia is a positive paradise. After spending

The view from Mount Abbott in British Columbia, showing the Great Glacier and the Asulkan Glacier

several years in this region, Mr. Edward Whymper, the man who led the way up the Alps, and taught the Swiss how to climb their own Matterhorn, and who has camped in the highest altitudes of the Andes, on Aconcagua, at 23,417 feet, gave me as his opinion that if all the mountain climbers in the world to-day were to make a combined attempt to explore the Canadian Rockies, their task could not be completed within a century. Here then is a grand and inviting field for the alpinist who would win his laurels in a fresh and fascinating country—the world's new playground—a place as yet practically untrodden by the foot of man, since only one peak in every thousand has even been attempted.

Fifty Switzerlands Rolled Into One

Here are not so many dominant mountains as in the Alps, the height of the Rockies and Selkirks being more uniform, but from all the more lofty crests the outlook is magnificent. Take, for instance, the view from Mount Abbott, which embraces the Great Glacier and the Asulkan Glacier, with Sir Donald rising in front and Mount Donkin and Mount Dawson lying to the right, not forgetting a lovely glimpse down the Illicilliwaet Valley, and the vast brotherhood of snow-crowned mountain monarchs encircling you on every side. The immense, massive ranges are almost appalling in their rugged grandeur, for here are fifty Switzerlands rolled into one!

Climbers who have already visited British Columbia well know what true mountaineering means, but for the benefit of those who have not yet experienced the thrill and rapture of planting the first foot upon some hitherto unconquered summit, and who contemplate taking a trip out to the West, it may prove interesting to note a few points that are the outcome of practical experience on cliff and crest ice and snow. When starting out for a big climb, your outfit should consist of nailed boots, strong tweed clothes, an Alpine Club rope, and a good ice-axe. Whatever you or your party may need in the way of a tent, or sleeping-bags, and provisions, will, of course, be arranged by your guide, as the character and quantity of such equipment must be regulated by the length and nature of your proposed expedition.

On the base of the Great Glacier in the Selkirk Range, British Columbia

Peaks for Feminine Climbers

For the fair sex, there is ample occupation among the Western mountains, for even if you eliminate the stiffer climbs, there yet remains many beautful and enjoyable scrambles which are well within the powers of the average woman. It is true that, though some remarkably intrepid ascents have been made by ladies in British Columbia, the majority of travellers cannot readily stand the fatigue and strain of climbing such peaks as Cathedral or the Emerald Range; still, many of them are very courageous adepts at rock-work and crossing the ice-fields, and, when properly and thoroughly equipped, have successfully surmounted the difficulties of crossing some of the finest "passes" and reaching very considerable altitudes under the care of the Swiss guides. A stout heart and a steady head, strong muscles, and a strong determination, have led some ladies to the top of the Victoria Glacier, the summit of Mount Stephen, and the crest of Eagle Peak.

"An Ideal Day for a Climb"

Imagine a July morning—the sun is not yet risen above the rim of the high mountain horizon, for it is only four o'clock; a cool breeze blows from off the glacier heights; in the dim, sweet dawn, the sombre pine trees stand sentinel about the foot of the castellated ranges. You and your companions have breakfasted, and are out on the hotel verandah, conferring with the guides, a couple of sturdy Swiss, with eagles' feathers stuck in their hats, who declare that it is "an ideal day for a climb." Ice-axe in hand, you give one of them your camera to sling across his shoulders,

where a splendid rope of manilla-hemp is already coiled; there are sandwiches stowed away in his capacious pocket, and presently off you start for a couple of miles along the narrow forest trail, then up, up, up, climbing past boulders and skirting round cliffs. Later on, you all "rope up,"

Climbing in the Canadian Rockies: Mount Cheops and the Illicilliwaet Valley

and with a feeling of complete security in the skill and sure-footedness of the guides, pursue your way, surmounting the difficult rock-work, hand over hand up the sheer face of the precipice, where the ledges are few and narrow, and stepping warily along the *arête* that leads you at last to your goal—the summit—for on the right hand there is a sharp drop of a thousand feet; on the left, a long, steep snow-slope, stretching away into a valley where, as yet, no man has ever clambered down, and the *arête* is only one foot wide!

Rapture on the Summit

The summit! Oh! with what feelings of rapture and exultation you stand upon that crest, your feet sunk deep in the shining snow, your lungs filled with the fine rarefied air, your pulses aglow, and your

mental attitude one of reverence before the handiwork of the Great Architect who built all these monuments and minarets, these domes and ramparts of the eternal hills. Slowly you revolve, your eyes sweeping over such a panorama as even Switzerland in all its glory cannot equal. A veritable sea of mountains, snow peaks glittering in the light of the now risen sun against the background of a brilliant blue sky, deep green valleys that speak of eternal solitude and rest, and intermeshing all the gleaming threads of ice-born streams that form a silver network set with the diamonds of many a sparkling cascade.

The wind blows keenly, even fiercely; a mountain top is, after all, not a place of shelter, so, having stored up a lasting memory of the wonderful beauty of the scenery by means of your camera, you begin the descent, your guides choosing an alternative route by way of a long snow-slope, down which you all enjoy a grand *glissade*, and so back to the rocks, and the trail, and home.

One of the secrets of successful mountain climbing in the Canadian Rockies and Selkirks lies in an early start, for you should never leave the hotel later than five o'clock when bound on a one day's expedition, as thus you gain a high altitude before the heat becomes great. Another essential point is, never be persuaded to go on any big climb except when accompanied by one of the expert Swiss guides resident at all the mountaineering centres. This is an imperative piece of precaution, as evidenced by the fact that, in other countries where climbing without guides is regularly indulged in, accidents and fatalities are of frequent occurrence, while in British Columbia only one life has ever been lost mountaineering, and that was in the case of a man who went out without a guide. The almost invariable rule followed in the West of always climbing with a guide has made mountaineering there a very safe and enjoyable pastime.

Thirdly, do not wear unsuitable clothes. In this respect I must confess that women are the worst offenders. Avoid thin boots and long skirts, my fair Alpinists, they are liable to lead to disaster and death; use the best ice-axe money can buy, and never dispute the judgment of your guide. Where he goes you can follow; roped to him, you are perfectly safe, but if he tells you that the rough rocks are better than the smooth snow, trust him and obey, for he knows best the perils of rotten ice and loosened boulders. The Swiss have been born mountaineers for many generations, and to-day they undoubtedly inherit a sixth sense, which warns them of the dangers to which climbers are peculiarly exposed.

If you are going on a long climbing expedition in British Columbia, one that will occupy several days or weeks, you must first visit an outfitter, who will supply you with the necessary packers and provisions at reasonable rates.

For those who prefer the lower slopes of the greater hills, there is a world of beauty in this far Western land. A riding trip into the famous Yoho Valley, whose head is closed in by an immense glacier, and where, on either hand, exquisite waterfalls tumble down from the dazzling *névés* to find their level at the bottom of a series of rock-walled *cañons*, an expedition into Paradise Valley—so truly named—or, indeed, a walk or ride in almost any direction, will reward the traveller with matchless scenery and unending interest. JULIA W. HENSHAW

Climbing in the Canadian Rockies: Field and Mount Stephen

Sport in India :

Photo by]

A MEET OF THE OOTY (OOTACAM

Great sport is afforded in India by hunting the jackal, which is a quarry very similar in its scent to the fox. The country contains no jumps, but the cracks in the ground due to the hot weather make the chase quite exci are found to be the most reliable mounts for

A Popular Hunt

ND) HUNT ON THE CLUB LAWN

[*Wiele and Klein*

g enough. Country-bred horses and Arabs ie nature of the country. Lord Ampthill, Governor of Madras, may be seen in the centre of the illustration, with Lady Ampthill and their three sons. Captain R. D. A. Fife, Master of the Hunt, is among the hounds.

OUR SHORT STORY

THE OLD HOUSE NEAR CHELMSFORD

By C. ALFRED McEVOY

ESSEX.—Old-fashioned FARMHOUSE to LET, 30 miles from London, and 7 from Chelmsford. This picturesque Homestead, which is known as "The Firs," is pleasantly situated about ¼ mile off the main road, and comprises a large wainscoted reception room, spacious kitchen, 3 good bedrooms; usual offices. Also large garden and orchard, out-buildings and land. Suit artist, or others, seeking old-world surroundings. Rent, £18 per annum.—Address, Y., "The Firs," near Chelmsford, Essex.

Small wonder that I read the above with blazing eyes and bounding heart. Who would not, whose dream of life it was to possess such a home at even double the preposterous rent at which this apparent elysium was offered.

Instinctively, as I finished its perusal, I crushed the proof-sheet upon which it was printed in my trembling hand, and thrust it jealously away into the furthest corner of my desk.

I looked around me.

Jones, chief-sub. of the *Morning Star*, was wrestling, shirt-sleeved and sour-tempered, with writhing yards of "tape." Wade, second in charge, stood at a little distance, with his back towards me, beautifully chastening through a speaking-tube the printer's department upstairs. Goldstone, still another of us, sat, amid a chaos of open reference-books, racing up an obituary for an earl who had just dropped dead at his club, while "Tich" and "Gorky" (attendant devils upon this, the sub-editors' room) slept the sleep of the innocent in their own particular retreat, a dark and fearful cupboard, situated remotely in a corner.

Certainly no one had observed the incident, and could I but keep the information to myself for a few hours, I should have a winning start in the race that I felt sure would follow the announcement of so unique an opportunity. All over London there were people as eager as I to snap at such a chance. In the office alone, I knew there were both Wade and Jones to reckon with.

"Is it all right, sir?"

I looked around with a start. I had completely forgotten Bowles, the reader's boy, who, as a matter of fact, had brought down for my correction the very proof-sheet that contained the "Ad." I had just read, and who was standing patiently behind me the while.

"O yes," I answered, collecting myself and withdrawing the crumpled paper from my desk.

"Nothing to cut down, sir?"

I measured the proof and made a necessary calculation.

"No, there's nothing to cut down," I answered slowly.

Bowles took the sheet from my hand and started to go. A moment later he turned back.

"Oh!—and the reader said, 'Don't you think there's a mistake at the end of that last Ad.,' the Essex farmhouse; he thought £18 must be wrong—but I suppose you'll let it go, sir?"

A wave of altogether unreasonable anger swept over me as I saw that even upstairs the surprising character of the bargain had been noticed, and especially as I fancied that I saw Jones look sharply towards us.

"Haven't you got the advertiser's form to go by?" I asked him irritably, yet keeping my voice at a low pitch.

"It was only written in pencil," answered the boy, "and it's got so thumbed that we can't make it out." He paused a moment, and then, as I said nothing, added, "I suppose you'll let it go as it is, then?"

"Confound you, yes," I almost shouted.

Jones looked up from his work again, and Bowles fled precipitately. He had already reached the iron staircase outside, leading up to the next floor, when a thought seized me, and without a moment's reflection I called him back.

"I'll just read that Ad. again," I said quietly.

He handed me back the paper, and, after regarding it carefully, I looked up.

"Perhaps he's right," I remarked in as casual a voice as I could control. "I'll hold it over till to-morrow and query it myself." And, taking up a pair of scissors, I snipped off the precious announcement, placing it again in my desk, and dismissed Bowles with the rest of the proof.

Only a moment later, before I had time for any reflection, I was called for by the Editor, in an adjoining room.

It was then about 11 p.m., in the month of August, and until the first pale smirch of a London dawn was breaking over the Fleet Street housetops, I was compelled to give my thoughts to other matters than the old farmhouse in Essex.

Considering that I was a young man of six and twenty, without any family ties whatever, it might seem rather curious that I should thus seriously think of taking for myself a remote country house; especially as for the last eight or ten years I had lodged most prosaically in the neighbourhood of King's Cross. In truth, I was a good deal of a dreamer over these matters, and though I lived, outwardly, a very ordinary life, my real inner self yearned perpetually for an existence nearer to nature. And, though I would not admit it, my common-sense was hardly to be trusted where there was any question of a pastoral kind.

For years I had saved rigorously towards the fulfilment of my heart's desire, and, as I now had an excellent position on the *Morning Star*, there was really no reason why I should not live as remotely as I liked, provided I could manage to turn up in business hours.

My work at last finished, I returned, at a little after four o'clock, to the sub-editors' room, preparatory for leaving, and I was a little surprised to

(All rights strictly reserved) (Continued on page 652)

THE OPENING OF THE CUB-HUNTING SEASON

DRAWN BY F. A. STEWART

(Continued from page 650)

find the lights out and everyone already gone, as, although business was nominally over at about four, one or another was usually in the office until at least half-past the hour. Jones, in fact, could not get a train for his home at Clapham Junction until five o'clock, and made an almost invariable practice of having a light breakfast before he left.

I will confess that my fears were at once aroused. It was not yet light enough to see clearly, though a chilly, grey light was stealing gradually into the room, and, going nervously over to my desk, I found, perhaps with a little twinge of shame, that the cutting lay there as I had left it.

I had already made up my mind what steps to take, and, reaching down a Bradshaw from the shelf of reference books, I looked up Chelmsford.

The first train, I soon discovered, left Liverpool Street Station at 5 8.

To catch this, I would have to leave the office at least by 4.30, and, to safeguard my own position in the matter (or, at least, as I so convinced myself) I filled in the ten minutes which I had to spare by writing, on the official notepaper, a memorandum to "Y.," querying his advertisement and enclosing the copy thereof. This letter I posted myself at Ludgate Circus as I left the office.

I do not pretend that this altogether excused me, but I easily satisfied myself that, in the interests of the advertiser, it was only right to make sure that there was no error, especially as the reader himself had questioned its accuracy. If there was no mistake and I was able to secure the place, it was, after all, only in the best interests of the advertiser. At least, this was how I argued, and, besides, "nothing venture nothing gain."

I reached Liverpool Street ten minutes to the good, and, remembering that there was a little coffee shop just at the back of the station, I made my way there to refresh myself with something before the journey. Then it was that all my worst suspicions were again aroused, for as I entered the door, I caught sight of Jones himself, bag in hand, partaking of a hurried breakfast at the counter.

Needless to say, I did not enter, but retraced my steps rapidly to the station. Why was not Jones at Waterloo as usual? Assuredly, he, too, was Chelmsford bound.

For those few minutes, as I sped on, I well remember how I thought of the old farmhouse as a a miser might his hoard; of Jones as my deadly enemy; and, metaphorically, I hugged the treasure to my breast, ready to fight for it with tooth and nail, or knife; to give my life's blood, if necessary, for its safe keeping.

I had reached the booking-office, and was almost at the desk, when now there darted in, immediately before me, one of those terrible old ladies who so often, by some strange fatality, appear at the most critical moments of our life, and shape our destiny upon some new course. I mean the old lady with no precise idea where it is she wishes to go to, or what class she wants to ride by; with a purse that will not open, and which contains only sovereigns when it is opened; who will neither be hurried nor flurried, nor put off by any artifice or subterfuge whatsoever.

I have already hinted that I was in a desperate mood, and not an hundred old ladies should now have kept me back.

I reached deliberately in front of her, cutting short the usual opening campaign, and with a lift of my hat, and an "Excuse me, madam," put down my fare, and asked for a third-class return to Chelmsford as if it were the most courteous thing in the wide world that I was doing.

There was the bright click of the punching instrument within the office, a wink from the clerk, a choking sound as of dumfounded expostulation behind me, and I was away with the ticket in my hand. I looked back but once, and that was to see Jones arriving hot foot at the rear of she who was my friend and ally.

It was perhaps three minutes later that, gazing from my compartment as the train glided slowly out of the great station, I saw my colleague for the third time that morning. I might almost say that those three minutes had aged him as many years, as with trembling legs and disordered attire he flew up the platform, only to be held back by a kindly porter as the last carriage passed him by.

For a journey of less than thirty miles, and in a non-stopping train, it was astonishing how long it took to reach Chelmsford that morning; how far off Chelmsford seemed to be.

I happened, too, to have this compartment to myself, so that there was nothing to distract my thoughts, and, as we rolled on, I, feeling too agitated to be seated, paced up and down between the dusty cushions; every nerve at extreme tension.

I had settled Jones, for the moment anyway; but what other disasters were, perhaps, awaiting me at the end of my journey? "Y." might, in casual conversation in the town of Chelmsford upon the previous evening, have put a dozen would-be tenants on the scent. Or, supposing he wasn't up when I got there, or couldn't be seen so early; then Jones, arriving by the next train, would have every bit as good a chance as I. Or, worst of all, there might really be some mistake about the rent. £180 seemed quite as reasonable as £18. There could be no peace for me until I knew for certain my position.

But even the weariest journey must some time have its end, and presently, punctual to time, though I could have sworn we were an hour late, the long, low roofs of Chelmsford station came into sight down the line.

I had scarcely the patience to let the train abate a little of its speed, as it rushed in the top end of the platform, before I had thrown open the door, and rashly alighted. Yet, in no less a hurry, was a man in the compartment immediately ahead of my own.

As I had opened my door he had opened his, and now we both made a race for it for the ticket-collector's barrier.

For the first few moments I had scarcely noticed the coincidence, but when, slightly turning his face, the other revealed himself to be Wade, I fell back, completely unnerved. Only an instant later I had pulled myself together; concentrating every faculty I possessed upon the situation. It is wonderful how quickly we adapt ourselves to the most utterly

(Continued on page 654)

Floods in the Kashmir District, India: An "Open Sea" at Srinagar

Srinagar, which has been turned recently into an inland sea, is the Capital of the native State of Kashmir. It is situated in a lovely valley of the Himalayas on the Jhelum, at an elevation of 5,276 feet. Recent telegrams from Lahore state that nine miles of the road from Srinagar are under water. The European quarters of the Cantonment, and the first bridge, are submerged. Fortunately, the inhabitants, warned in time, have been able to effect an escape to the higher levels by means of boats

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unexpected; and now, with a bitter laugh, I only braced myself to fight the harder.

Meanwhile, Wade had stopped as he gave up his ticket, doubtless to make an inquiry from the man as to which direction he should take for "The Firs," and I, seeing my opportunity, darted past with my head turned away. True, I had no idea, either, as to where "The Firs" lay, but the first consideration was to keep, at all costs, in front of Wade.

Out on the road the first and only thing I saw (for it was not yet six o'clock) was a decorator's cart jogging slowly along, and hailing the driver I asked him if he knew "The Firs," seven miles from Chelmsford; and my despair was turned to boundless hope when he returned the astounding answer that he happened to be going there himself, and invited me to accept a lift.

I laughed again to myself, this time almost wildly, as we started off, and pictured "poor Wade," as I now styled him, trudging the long seven miles of muddy country road, for I should add that it started raining soon after the train left London.

But my satisfaction was very short-lived, for looking back, I beheld, following us, another cart, similar to our own, and, apparently, owned by the same firm, in which Wade was triumphantly seated, like myself, beside the driver.

My agitation in the train was nothing to what I felt now. I heard none of the driver's pleasantries, saw none of the wayside beauties, and between the fear that Wade would recognise me or overtake us I endured agonies.

Thus passed the first five miles of the drive, the two vehicles keeping an exact juxtaposition, but as at length our journey neared its end, Wade's cart gained rapidly upon ours, and I realised that at the best we would arrive together. And then in my desperation I bribed the driver. I admired his horse, praised his handling of the ribbons, and finally offered him one shilling if he reached "The Firs" half-a-mile ahead of his companion behind.

It was a mad race that followed. The driver in the rear duly noticed our increased pace and accepted the challenge as honest drivers do the world over, and, though it was not what I had bargained for, the only result of my interference was that the journey was made a little briefer for my rival and myself.

Wade's conveyance came on like a fire-engine behind us, and soon the first glance of recognition was exchanged, Wade's being no less murderous than my own. Thus, neck and neck, we raced, a few minutes later, into full view of our Mecca.

"That there one's 'The Firs,' in the middle," explained my driver, pointing with his whip as he drew rein amid the yellow flints of a newly-made road. "And that's 'The Pines,' and that's 'The Elms,' and that's 'The Poplars,' and that's 'The Beeches.'"

With a wave of the whip, and an intonation of pride in his rasping voice, the man was pointing out to me five newly erected cottages, pitched upon a narrow field, pimpled over with heaps of sand, whitewash buckets, ladders, scaffolding, and suchlike paraphernalia of the country builder. The other driver, immediately alongside of us, was doing the same by Wade.

I could not find my voice, and the man continued: "Three months ago there wasn't one of them standing. Three weeks hence they'll all be let. They're just what the public wants. Comfortable gabled homes, built as old-fashioned as you could want. Diamond-shaped window panes, recess fireplaces, and a sun-dial by the front doorstep. There'll be a rush for them, you can bet, and, if you want to make sure, you'd better send your references in to-day. Why, sir, we anticipate such a demand that twenty more are going up within a few hundred yards of these. It's on the Garden City plan, you know, and——"

But, thrusting the promised shilling in his palm, I had already sprang to earth.

"Walking back my way, old fellow?" asked Wade, with a deathly tremor in his voice, and linking his arm in my own.

And even as we left, there raced up two cyclists, who were Goldstone and the Reader, so that we made a party of it home together, and when, just outside Chelmsford, we met Jones sneaking swiftly up the road, we hid ourselves, severally, in the hedge, and let him pass.

C. Alfred McEvoy.

A Wonderful Moving Village

Goschenen, Switzerland, which is gradually shifting its position

According to a Paris newspaper, scientists throughout France are taking the liveliest interest in the curious phenomenon manifested at Goschenen. The high granite rocks which surround the village have been slowly shifting for years, and the inhabitants have noticed with alarm the alteration of the landscape. The entire village itself is said to have moved one hundred feet during the past four years. However pleasant these little changes of residence may be to the inhabitants, it must be a matter of much inconvenience to landlords. To call for the rent and then find that one's house has shifted a few doors lower down, or perchance into the next street, must, to say the least of it, be very disconcerting

In a Kentish Hop Field

MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN AT WORK

Children gathering hops in an umbrella

PERHAPS one of the most potent forces in the regeneration of a certain type of Londoner is the yearly flitting into Kent, and the borders of the counties it touches, for the 'Opping season, as it is called by its followers. Here, there is no question about whether there's work to do, or whether a job can be got—no weary marching from one district to another, and no rebuffs from angry foremen who already have their complement of workmen. It is this feature of the London labourer's life which induces him to despair, and,

Hop-pickers at work

Photos by *Lewis Biggs*

In a Kentish Hop Field

FROM GARDEN TO OAST-HOUSE

Loading up in the garden to take to the oast

eventually, to loaf outside a convenient public-house. In Kent, however, all this is changed. Work is to be had for the asking, work for which a fair wage is given, and during which the hopper not only eats more food, but drinks less beer—for public-houses are scarcer in the hop district than in the East End. The change effected is a wonderful one, and the hopper's wife and children, as well as himself, show it on their return in their sunburnt skins and filled-out faces.

The hops dried, and being put into pockets by means of powerful presses

Photos by *Lewis Bagg*

The Library

Among the new novels of the week have been two from which anybody conversant with modern fiction might have expected great things. A new novel by Kate Douglas Wiggin and another by Stewart Edward White should be enough to make one unsociable to one's fellow-men until the books have been galloped through and then re-read again at leisure. But it must be confessed that disappointment awaits the reader in the latest novels of these writers. In *Rose of the River*, Kate Douglas Wiggin gives us two delightful characters, and that, so far as her individual talent is concerned, is all. For the rest, there is a conventional love story, with a conventional lumber-camp setting. "Old Kennebec," whose life has been one of spotless idleness, is a type of American often met with "out West"—the sort of man who sometimes reaches local fame as a "dry-goods' box politician," though more often he is to be met with outside up-country stores, whittling wood with a pocket-knife, and spinning yarns—marvels of exaggeration every one of them—to anybody with nothing better to do than to listen. "Old Kennebec" has a dry, penetrating humour not found outside of America. We quote the following, which might well be called the "Lumberman's Ethics of Swearing":—"There's three kinds o' swearin'—plain swearin', profane swearin', and blasphemious swearin'. Logs air jest like mules: there's times when a man can't seem to rip up a jam in good style 'thout a few words that's too strong for the infant classes in Sunday schools; but a man hedn't ought to tempt Providence. When he's ridin' a log near the falls at high water, or cuttin' the key-log in a jam, he ain't in no place for blasphemious swearin'; jest a little, easy, perlite 'damn' is 'bout all he can resk, if he don't want to get drownded an' hev his ghost walkin' the river-banks till kingdom come." "Old Kennebec" and his wife are worth all the rest of the characters in the book, and *Rose of the River* should go down on this week's library list as their acquaintance is worth the making.

Books to Order This Week

General Literature

Sea Life in Nelson's Time. By John Masefield. (Methuen: 3s. 6d. net)

With the Eyes of a Man. By Hubert Bland. (T. Werner Laurie: 3s. 6d.)

Life of Charles Dickens as Revealed in His Writings. By Percy Fitzgerald. 2 vols. (Chatto and Windus: 21s. net.)

In Search of El Dorado. A Wanderer's Experiences. By Alexander Macdonald. (Fisher Unwin: 10s. 6d. net.)

Sir Joshua Reynolds. By William Boulton. With 49 Illustrations. (Methuen: 7s. 6d. net.)

The Pocket Richard Jefferies. Compiled by A. H. Hyatt. (Chatto and Windus: 2s.)

Fiction

Tommy Carteret. By Justus Miles Forman. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

The Claim Jumpers. By Stewart Edward White. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

Rose of the River. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.)

Sacred and Profane Love. By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)

Divers Vanities. By Arthur Morrison. (Methuen: 6s.)

Mr. Muldoon. By Michael O'Donovan. (Greening: 6s.)

In *The Claim Jumpers*, by Stewart Edward White, we looked forward to some echo, at least, of those realistic descriptions of the great North-West which distinguished that wonderful book by the same author, "The Silent Places." Mr. White's new novel is in reality a padded short story, and suffers accordingly. A certain amount of pleasure will be gained in the reading of this book, but Mr. White has led us to expect much better work from him, and we put down *The Claim Jumpers* with disappointment. A much better book is *Tommy Carteret*, by Justus Miles Forman, another American story which comes under the category of "absorbing." There is good workmanship in the construction of this novel, and some fine writing. The story concerns a young New Yorker, Tommy Carteret, who suffers banishment for the amours of his father, old Tommy Carteret. His place of banishment is to the hills, and there he meets an uncouth set of people, who, from the first, eye him with all the suspicion of the rustic mind, and entertain violent prejudices against his city ways. The description of these people is wonderfully done, and the chapters describing Tommy's frustrated wedding with the daughter of one of the hillmen, remind one that the author is a dramatist, so vividly are the scenes pictured. Things, however, come right in the end, and Tommy returns to civilisation a haunted man. How his salvation is worked out by charming Sibyl I'Wot we must leave the reader to discover for himself. We can only assure him it is well worth while.

Publishers are naturally taking advantage of the Nelson Centenary Year to publish many books connected with both the Hero of Trafalgar and with Lady Hamilton. Messrs. Methuen, in publishing Mr. Masefield's *Sea Life in Nelson's Time*, have rendered a service, since, in their eagerness to pay tribute to the larger personalities, the public are in danger of forgetting the services rendered by the men below decks. And the sailor of Nelson's time was a picturesque personality. Here is a description of his shore-going dress: "In fine weather, the sailor usually wore a short, round, very smart blue jacket, with a row of flat gold or bright brass buttons down the right side and on the cuffs. His trousers were either of blue cloth or of white duck, cut extremely loose and a shade too long, so that they nearly covered the feet. . . . The stockings were frequently of good white silk, for a sailor loved to have fine silk stockings. . . . A shirt or jersey of blue and white horizontal stripes was popular, while a white shirt with large red or blue spots had many admirers." When, added to this, we learn that "canary-yellow" waistcoats were common, and that the seams of the clothes were decorated by having coloured ribbons sewn down them, one begins to feel a sort of disgust for the present-day rig-out, with its sombre, utilitarian plainness. Mr. Masefield writes of all aspects of the Service with a vivid pen, and there is not a dull page in the book. We are glad to see that "Drops of Brandy" and "Spanish Ladies," words and music both of these famous old sea songs, are included in the book. At the price of three and six charged for it, *Sea Life in Nelson's Time* is wonderfully good value, for this is not only a book to be ordered from the library, but one worthy of a permanent place upon the bookshelf.

A good book packed full of wisdom has come our way this week under the title of *With the Eyes of a Man*, the author being Mr. Hubert Bland—"Hubert," of the *Sunday Chronicle*, and the husband of E. Nesbit, one of the most popular of present-day woman authors. Mr. Bland writes with an easy, flowing style, and with a humour that lends grace to every page of his delightful book of essays. Particularly do we like his "Observations on the Art of Life," in which there is all the good fellowship and sympathy which have rendered "Hubert's" weekly essay in the *Sunday Chronicle*, for the past fourteen or fifteen years, a thing to be eagerly looked forward to and on no account missed. Mr. Bland looks on life, not with the eyes of a student, but with those of a cultured, far-seeing man of the world. He is not led into believing that learning is education. "Life," he says, "can only be learned from Life. . . . If ever you need advice in one of life's crises go not to the student, but to the priest, the doctor, or, better still, to the man of the world. The first knows the soul, the second the body, and the third that subtle combination of both which makes up woman." A little cryptic that last, but worth thinking over, as are all these essays. They should be read and widely read, for their effect will be to induce a sweeter philosophy of life. The publisher is T. Werner Laurie and the price three and six.

G. F. J.

A Bookman's Gossip

"Telegraphese"

Except it be to read the excellent criticisms by Mr. W. L. Courtney, I don't see any particular reason why bookmen should buy the *Daily Telegraph*, and I confess that if I happen to take it on a day when its eminent critic is not discoursing on "Literature of the Day" it has little of interest for me. But I can understand the paper as the organ of the man in the street—whatever that weird personage may count for—it is "the real, right thing," as Mr. James might say. I happened, however, to strike its Jubilee number the other Saturday, and enjoyed some charming "Telegraphese," when I might have been reading to more profit; for in an anonymous article the stupendous fact that the *D.T.* is fifty years old was conveyed to its multitudinous readers with just that pomposity and verboseness one associates with the *Telegraph*. Wasn't it an obscure vicar who earned a flash of fame by declaring in a tea-meeting speech that "whatever some persons may say to the contrary, the unquestionable fact remains that affectionate hearts are far above coronets, and simple faith is vastly to be preferred to Norman blood"? That is a fine sample of what one means by "Telegraphese." List, ye novices, to the rolling billows of *D.T.* style:—

> Fifty years of a newspaper life represent a large section of the annals of the country. The present year of grace is the Jubilee of the *Daily Telegraph*, and enables us to look back upon a half-century into which have been crammed more epoch-making events, more material advances, more scientific discoveries than we can find in any similar period in English history.

O! la! la! as they say on the boulevards. It will never be said of the *D.T.* that—

> He scorned to drape the truthful nude,
> With smooth, decorous platitude!

Never, while tradition lives and thrives in Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, E.C., and gentle, sleek "lions" can roar "an' 'twere any nightingale" (for ladies are in their audience), as thus in the Jubilee article, touching journalism:—

> It may have its faults and its failings, but at least it cannot be denied that it is one of the most tremendous organs of public enlightenment which the developments of civilisation have ever engendered.

"Hoots, awa' wi' ye," as they say in the North! Here's to our noble selves, my journalistic billies! Roll on, O, mighty Telegraphese, roll on, for another fifty years, and though I shan't be in at thy centenary, I dare say thou wilt still be "going strong."

Famous "D.T." Men

Moderation and calm are not qualities to be found or expected in the *Telegraph*. On the other hand, a kind of wild and unreasoning fidelity towards the Conservative Party gives it a kind of pathetic interest. Although I am the first to admit that its news columns, both foreign and home, are excellently managed, yet it is such a violent partisan that its opinions can carry little weight. Its Jubilee, however, is an event of some interest. To me it is a reminder that the great journals which have an individuality, compact of tradition and the assimilation of many minds, are now very few, the personality of the individual journalist being in the ascendant. I agree with Mr. T. P. O'Connor, himself an old *Telegraph* sub-editor, in thinking this is a good thing. Oddly enough, there are several names of famous journalists associated with the *Telegraph* that stand out in its history, despite the dominance of the paper over its contributors. Everybody thinks of the personalities of Sala and of Sir Edwin Arnold, but both of these great journalists of the past won reputations outside as well as on the *Telegraph* staff. So, too, Dr. E. J. Dillon, of the present day,—perhaps, the most various accomplished journalist who has ever served the paper; and an Irishman, by the way. The reputation of the late Clement Scott was not confined to the *Telegraph*, but Sir Campbell Clarke, long its Paris correspondent, lived and died to his paper; and Mr. Bennet Burleigh's great reputation as a war correspondent has been made entirely in connection with the *Telegraph*. He has, however, benefited from the compromise of later years which has allowed certain favoured members of the staff to sign their contributions. I recall Burleigh on a lorry, when I was a youngster, haranguing a crowd in his native Glasgow, as Socialist candidate for one of the local

Photo by *Thomson*

Lord Burnham

Principal proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, which has just celebrated its Jubilee

divisions, and editor (actual or prospective) of *The Red Rag*. And he a *D.T.* man! Of course, the real genius of the paper has been Lord Burnham. The writer of the Jubilee article says many things in more words than were necessary, but he doesn't mention that J. M. Levy, who was a Shoe Lane printer, got the *Telegraph* fifty years ago from its originator, Colonel Sleigh, because the latter couldn't pay his printing bill. The Levy's were far-seeing, able men, and deserved the immense success which attended their enterprise. Lord Burnham assumed the name of Lawson in 1875, under the will of his uncle, Lionel Lawson, and got his baronetcy in 1893, his peerage coming to him two years ago, when he was seventy years of age. The present managing editor of the *Telegraph* is Mr. J. M. Le Sage, who has been associated with the paper for many years. At one time, by the way, the *Telegraph* was edited by a preacher, Henry Barnett, Mr. Moncure Conway's predecessor at South Place Chapel.

Mr. Percy White

The novelist of the "West End," whose new novel, "The Patient Man," has just been published by Messrs. Methuen

A Novelist of the West End

There is a sense, I suppose, in which this description might be applied to almost any of our novelists, as most of them, when not engaged in penning romance, or depicting the humour and pathos of the East End, find their subjects in modern society, for which "West End" may be regarded as a synonym. But Mr. Percy White, whose new novel, "The Patient Man," I am now reading, is not without good claim to be considered *the* novelist of the West End; for, during the ten busy years he has devoted to fiction, he has seldom gone elsewhere for his subjects; and has he not even named one of his books, "The West End," and another, "Park Lane"? We should be hard put to it to find another writer of fiction whose gifts marked him out more clearly as a critic of modern society than do the literary qualities of Mr. White. He possesses that peculiar wit which is part satire and part sympathy. As he says, very happily, at the beginning of "The West End," "to have acquired the art of laughing at ourselves is to have mastered the elements of the least depressing form of practical philosophy." He is just this class of practical philosopher. He is a keen observer of character; not only in the individual, but in the bulk, as it is affected by the tendencies of the moment. Surely these are ideal endowments for anyone who sets out to be an interpreter of modern society. For this, perhaps, is his description, rather than a critic; though, of course, it includes the best form of criticism—holding the mirror up to Nature and showing Society to itself. So many of our novelists, and the ladies especially, develop into common scolds when they write of the social life of the day, that it is no wonder Mr. White's writings are winning a lasting popularity.

Mr. Percy White

I am not in a position to say whether I consider this latest novel his best, but I am, at least, persuaded that it is an excellent example of his work, and a very good book indeed. If the character of Drusilla Dacre is not absolutely original in fiction, it is, at least, treated in an artistic and convincing manner, while Reginald Heathcote seems to me to be drawn with distinct power; and, indeed, the whole work, both in atmosphere and in its minor characters, is so much above the average "novel of society," that one need have no hesitation in warmly commending it as a profitable and entertaining book. It scarcely seems to me ten years since I read, with well-remembered pleasure, Mr. White's first novel, that wonderfully clever autobiography of "Mr. Percival Bailey-Martin, a hyphenated aristocrat, and an ex-Member of Parliament," which, for its satirical picture of suburban aristocracy, was said at the time to have seriously affected house-letting in Surbiton! It obtained a well-deserved and immediate success, which induced its author, who, up to that time, had been engaged in journalism, to devote his energies entirely to fiction, in which he is now one of our busiest writers. Mr. White, who is a Londoner by birth, is the son of the late Dr. Charles White, for many years head of an important school at Hove, and he himself was intended for the scholastic profession, being for a time professor of English language and literature at a French college before he drifted into journalism. Until a successful career as a novelist opened out for him, he was a prolific contributor to the newspaper and magazine Press, and for ten years edited with much resource that old-established weekly, *Public Opinion*.

Golf Notes and Notions

Andrew Kirkaldy

Nothing has given me greater pleasure for some time than the splendid performance of my good old friend, Andrew Kirkaldy, in the Montrose Tournament. To win through to the final, in such brilliant company as was gathered together at Montrose, is a great feat, and then in that final to lose to Harry Vardon by only a putt is a fresh feather in the cap of the veteran. Andrew has long been known as one of the finest match players in existence, but I should say that he has rarely, if ever, given such convincing proof of his great powers in this respect as he did at Montrose. There were present at Montrose all the pick of the professionals, including the members of the great foursome, and I should imagine that Andrew in future years will point to his performance in such company as one of the best things he has accomplished in his long career.

Kirkaldy's First Success

His first success goes back as far as 1879, when he was second for the Championship, while in 1889 he tied with Willie Park for first place at Musselburgh in the Championship of that year, losing in the play off. He was again second in 1891, when his poor brother Hugh won; third in 1895; won a tournament at Dollymount in 1894; beat Willie Park by eight and seven in 1891 in a match over Musselburgh, St. Andrews, Prestwick, and Troon; defeated Taylor at St. Andrews in 1895 by one hole; and, partnered with Sandy Herd, beat Ben Sayers and A. Simpson in a seventy-two-hole match. This constitutes a fine record, and, taken with the late tournament at Montrose, marks a stretch of first-class golf extending over a period of twenty-six years. To have kept up with the times for such a long time sufficiently indicates the great qualities which Andrew possesses as a golfer.

An Unique Style

In his style he is quite *per se*, resembling no other first-class golfer that I can call to mind. Being of a very powerful physique, with immensely strong fore-arms, Andrew gets his ball away with a tremendously quick "flick." Unlike his lamented brother Hugh, who had such an exaggerated St. Andrews' swing that he was currently reported to see the ball with his head turned back over his left shoulder, Andrew stands rather over the ball and very square to it, and "hurtles" it away with what looks like a comparatively short swing. But I expect the eye is deceived by the rapidity of the swing, and that it really is much longer than it looks. I think it is a pity that he was not included among the great golfers whose styles are exemplified in Mr. Beldam's book, for then we should have been able to see how Andrew really swings. However it be done, the result is generally most effective, very straight, far and sure.

JONES (*whose sight is a little uneven*): "It's all very fine, my lad, to say, why don't I keep my eye on the ball, but to which especial eye do you refer?"

The "Iron-master"

He is a master of all the iron instruments of the game, and one of the most delightful putters, when he is in great form, and using a trusty old wooden putter. One of the nicest traits in Andrew's character is his ungrudging admiration for the game of many of his rivals, and it was quite a treat to see him, during the practice for the Championship at St. Andrews this year, marching round to watch and applaud his old friend and adversary, Willie Park. I mentioned in my account of the Championship how Sherlock told me, after playing a running-up shot at the seventeenth hole, that Andrew had taught him that shot a few nights before. Such traits as these, and his many famous pithy sayings, are fast converting Andrew into a standing institution in the kingdom of golf. Hardly any great professional meeting takes place without some terse remark of Andrew's being bruited abroad, and passing at once into current use in the realm of golf. Besides being such a fine fighter over the peaceful links, Andrew has had experience of other and grimmer scenes, for he served eight years in the Army, and fought at Tel-el-Kebir. There is also a vague rumour that after a great match in which he and his brother Hugh were defeated by Ben Sayers and (I think) Davy Grant, the brothers retired in dudgeon from St. Andrews to Leuchars, and battered each other about, with the view, I suppose, of knocking out each other's bad play by some hard hitting with Nature's weapons. Let us hope that rumour in this, as in so many other instances, was a lying jade, and that that little journey to Leuchars was only undertaken for purposes of gentle explanation and peaceful expostulation, more in sorrow than in anger, on the part of the defeated brothers.

Ernest Lehmann

With Knapsack and Kodak

By Our Special Walking Commissioner,

HENRY MURRAY

No. V.—The Author Sums Up

In summing up the actual condition of Great Britain at the present moment, it seems to me that various considerations of the utmost importance are habitually overlooked. For more than a hundred years past we have been—in the mercantile acceptation of the words—the most favoured nation the sun has ever shone upon. Our insular position has alone been an asset of uncountable value. We are the one State in all Europe which, during the last two hundred years, has never felt the foot of an enemy upon our soil. It is near upon a hundred years since the last great menace to our national existence was abolished "in that world-earthquake, Waterloo." In that period France has suffered from several internal revolutions, and from a costly and disastrous war. The energies of Germany have been occupied by the tremendous task, now successfully accomplished, of welding into a coherent whole a congeries of mutually jealous petty States. Italy, at a fearful cost of blood, has established her political independence; and Austria has lost some of her richest provinces. The record of Turkey during the same period has been one of continual disaster. Russia has hardly yet awakened to a real sense of national existence, and now that that sense is beginning to grow acute, she suffers under the shame of having sunk, at the hands of a despised and underrated adversary, out of the list of European Powers for at least another quarter of a century. The United States have been torn asunder in the throes of civil war. And during all that period of storm and stress, Great Britain has enjoyed a profound peace. The wars she has waged have been fought on foreign soil. Her arts, her commerce, her manufactures, have never been in the least danger. We have been for nearly a hundred years the workshop of the world, but now the world has learned its business, and the decay of our easy pre-eminence seems to me to be an assured fact, inevitable in the nature of things. The age-long quarrels which kept the nations of the Continent so long at each others' throats have been at least temporarily adjusted, and they are free to turn their intelligence to the pursuits of peace. Less than a hundred years ago, Great Britain produced all the articles actually necessary to the existence of her population. It was only such foodstuffs as our climate renders it impossible for us to produce—such as sugar, tea, coffee, wine—that came from abroad. To-day a very great percentage of our food is of foreign production. Many millions are yearly drained out of the country into the pockets of the peasant proprietors of Normandy, Brittany, Belgium, Holland, and Norway, for the purchase of cheese, butter, and eggs, which we could perfectly well produce for ourselves. Our wheat-growing industry is in another category. So far as I am capable of understanding the situation, it appears to be hopelessly doomed to a more and more rapidly progressing extinction. We shall inevitably find it more and more impossible to fight against the enormous wheat-bearing areas of Canada, the States, Russia, and India. I am not, as my readers will soon perceive, preaching a pessimistic or Little-England doctrine. I am simply dwelling on what I believe to be factors of the vastest importance in the problems with which we find ourselves confronted.

Not a Great Catch

Miss Smarte: "I see the Masons are getting another daughter off their hands this week"

Miss Smythe: "Yes, I suppose that'll mean another son-in-law to keep on his feet"

An Obvious Remedy for the Agricultural Industry

There is, as it appears to me, and to many of the acutest thinkers of the day, an obvious and complete remedy for the threatened atrophy of the British agricultural industry—the gradual nationalisation of the land. It has been proved to demonstration that peasant proprietorship is the one and only means of keeping the population on the soil. The most prosperous parts of Europe are those in which the peasant has the greatest personal interest in the ground he tills. It was the savings of the peasant proprietors of France which paid off the crushing indemnity levied by the Germans after the war of 1870, and has brought France practically unscathed out of such terrible financial disasters as the failure of the Panama scheme. Neither Belgium nor Switzerland has any national debt, and the agricultural

population of both countries are uniformly prosperous. A large proportion of the land of Norway is held by small owners, with a like satisfactory result. Again, the same experience is confirmed along the banks of the Rhine and the sandy wastes of Prussia have, under the care of generations of petty owners, preached the same great truth. As long ago as 1789, Arthur Young, that strong advocate of farming on a large style, bore eloquent testimony to the value of small holdings. Writing of a district near Dunkirk, he says: "Between the town and Rosendal is a great number of neat little houses built each with its garden, and one or two fields enclosed of most wretched blowing dune sand, naturally as white as snow, but improved by industry. The magic of property turns sand to gold." And again: "It would be a disgrace to common-sense to ask the cause; the enjoyment of property *must* have done it. Give a man the secure possession of a bleak rock, and he will turn it into a garden; give him a nine years' lease of a garden, and he will convert it into a desert."

Nor need we go even so far afield as the mainland of the Continent to find the same lesson enforced. Occupying ownership is the rule in the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, with results absolutely identical with those already insisted on. Observers, whose capacity and honesty have never been questioned, Thornton, Hill, Sir George Head, Brodrick, unite in praising the thriving condition of the peasantry of these happy islands, and in attributing their prosperous condition to the same and only cause. Thornton wrote of Guernsey: "Not even in England is nearly so large a quantity of produce sent to market from a tract of such limited extent. This, of itself, might prove that the cultivators must be far removed from poverty, for being absolute owners of all the produce raised by them, they, of course, sell only what they do not themselves require . . . Beggars are utterly unknown. Pauperism, able-bodied pauperism at least, is nearly as rare as mendicancy." Brodrick, writing of Jersey in the year 1881, described the soil to be naturally poor, and the climate to be no better than that of the southern coast of England, but the land yielded "an amount and variety of produce which seems fabulous to persons conversant only with tenant-farming on the grand scale, not merely because it is more liberally manured, but also because it is studded with orchards, vineries, and other profitable *hors d'œuvres* of agriculture, *which nothing but the magic of property will call into existence.*"

Facts to be Faced

Here lie facts, and they are facts of that order which must and will be faced. The population of England is deserting the soil in a steady stream, which will, ere long, leave the land bare of labour, and has already created maelstroms of misery and vice in the slums of our great cities. And, be it noted, it is the *best* of our rural populace which is deserting the soil. It is the active and ambitious man who uproots himself; it is the sluggard—with, of course, a certain proportion of the luckier and more happily circumstanced—who is content to drag out his life as a wage-slave, with no prospect before him but a life of ill-paid toil in the interest of others, and the workhouse, the county hospital, and the pauper's grave as his final refuges. It is no new problem by which we are confronted; it is no hastily-hatched nostrum here advocated. During the past hundred years there has hardly been one professed political economist of any authority who has not seen and proclaimed the terrible evils entailed upon the state by primogeniture and the private ownership of large land areas. Froude, Mill, Henry George, Professor Newman, Faucit, Herbert Spencer, were all practically unanimous upon the necessity of a radical reform of the feudal régime, and the late Mr. Gladstone went so far as to declare that "compulsory expropriation was admissible, and even sound in principle." A violent and wholesale expropriation is not desired by any sane thinker, and will certainly not happen. A change so great must be accomplished slowly, temperately, and justly. I do not attempt to predict, nor even barely to indicate, the means by which it will be brought about. But of its absolute and unexampled necessity I have no more doubt than I have of my own existence. There is no insurmountable obstacle to be overcome. It is simply a matter of educating the intelligence of the average citizen up to a comprehension of his just rights as a citizen of a free country, and of teaching a numerically small class, who have hitherto monopolised far more than their just share of political and social power, that their greed and vanity must give way before the claims of justice and humanity. The task will be a long and arduous one, but it will be accomplished sooner or later, and just and prudent statesmanship will do the rest.

HENRY MURRAY

Nelson's Last

OLD LADY (*who is rather weak in her naval history*): "Is that Nelson's boat?"
OLD SALT: "Yes, mum, that's the ship in which Nelson was killed"
OLD LADY: "And at which of his battles was that?"
OLD SALT: "Well, that, mum, was his *last*, mum"

A Woman's Note Book

A contemporary, speaking of fashion in fiction, notes that elaborate openings are no longer in vogue. "No longer will readers tolerate the pages of description of the old manor house, with its winding staircases, its picture gallery, 'where, as it seemed to Emmeline, the features of her ancestors looked down upon her with something of anxiety something of compassion.'" The truth is, that in these days we have no time for mere twaddle. In nothing do our characters and views of life show themselves more clearly than in our fiction, and those who wish to abuse the modern girl, and hold up her ancestors as patterns of all the virtues, will do well to refer to some of the best books of both ages —books which truly show us at our best—and they may find many a lesson therein. I do not wish to imply that girls in former times were always so stupid as to spend much time standing under pictures watching for imaginary emotions on the features of their ancestors, nor even that the women of the past were not perhaps superior to us in some ways. But it is still—ancient as the controversy would seem to be —frequently argued that girls in these days have no hearts, because they do not happen to wear them on their sleeves; and are not domesticated, since their sole interests do not lie inside the walls of their own houses. These are silly assertions; every age has its faults and its follies; but I think we may say, that if we have lost occasionally in one direction, we have gained substantially in others.

Girls as Public Characters

We have gained distinctly by coming so much more out into the world, by being, so to speak, public instead of private characters; and what is just as important, the world at large has gained also. The idea that girls of the upper classes were to be shut up in their own homes with so much rigidity lest a breath of air from that wicked place, the world, should poison them, was a narrow precaution on the part of their guardians and a distinctly selfish one on their own. Besides—though, of course, I ought not to say so—the world cannot do without us; and men, now they have become used to the new state of affairs, find it exceedingly handy to have us released from so much formality.

How Not to Accept Marriage Proposals

Talking of old-fashioned novels, I was re-reading "Jane Eyre" the other day; and, do what I would, I could not keep a solemn countenance over the last scene, in which Jane promises Rochester to be his wife. Truly, fashions change! This is a classic, I reminded myself, feeling I ought to regard in some way the admiration of the general public; and, moreover, it is not a comedy. It was no use. Supposing in these days girls replied to a proposal in Jane's language, what should we think of them? "Mr. Rochester, if ever I did a good deed in my life—if ever I thought a good thought— if ever I prayed a sincere and blameless prayer—if ever I wished a righteous wish—I am rewarded now. To be your wife is, for me, to be as happy as I can be on earth." Subsequently, Jane is even more amusing. Well, if there is anything in which we have improved, it is certainly in the fashion of replying to offers of marriage. Some cynics may think that this is an occasion upon which the two persons concerned must infallibly make themselves ridiculous; and it is certainly as well that the exact mode or expression is not often given to the public; but at least, if Jane Eyre is true to nature, modern women have developed a sense of humour which forbids them to make themselves so supremely ridiculous. LADY PHYLLIS

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

A treat for the Provinces

The young ladies pictured above are playing in Mr. Seymour Hick's *Catch of the Season* Company on tour

Mlle. Genée's First Speaking Part

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffman*

The Greatest Dancer of the Day: Mlle. Adeline Genée

Only those who have seen the incomparable grace and charm of this charming danseuse can really appreciate the poetry and fascination of her movements. Mlle. Genée, who is now delighting audiences at *The Little Michus*, was "discovered" in London, though she is by birth a Belgian. Last week, for the first time in her life, the famous Empire dancer played a speaking part. In a little scene, specially written for her, with Mr. George Graves she acquitted herself with the greatest credit, though suffering, as she tells us, from most acute stage fright

Rugby Football: New Zealand v. Bristol

A Scrum in mid-field

The success of the New Zealanders at Bristol (7 goals 2 tries to nil), and it must be confessed their, up to the present, overwhelming superiority is the talk of the football world. Bristol's reception of the visitors was made memorable by the Lord Mayor and High Sheriff attending the match in State

Photos by *Topical Agency*

The kick off after the first New Zealand goal

Judging from results, the Colonial tactics are well worth studying, and, though the manager nas given a modest assurance that his team has not come over "to teach football," there can be no doubt of their ability to do so. London awaits their coming feverishly

Association Football: Chelsea v. West Bromwich

Chelsea scores the only goal in the match

The new London club after a tough match defeated West Bromwich by one goal to love

A corner to Chelsea

The Chelsea victory was due in great measure to the precision of their "shooting" when in the neighbourhood of goal

The Royal Tour to India

H.M.S. "RENOWN," NOW THE HANDSOMEST VESSEL AFLOAT

The "Renown," as she now appears, since her transformation from warship to yacht

A cosy corner in the Princess of Wales's boudoir

Photos by *Stephen Cribb*

A corner of the dining saloon looking into drawing-room on H.M.S. "Renown"

The Royal Tour to India

H.M.S. "RENOWN," NOW THE HANDSOMEST VESSEL AFLOAT

The Prince of Wales's sleeping cabin and bathroom on H.M.S. "Renown"

Photos by *Stephen Cribb*

Their Royal Highness's drawing room, on H.M.S. "Renown"

The Opening of the Coursing Season at Plumpton

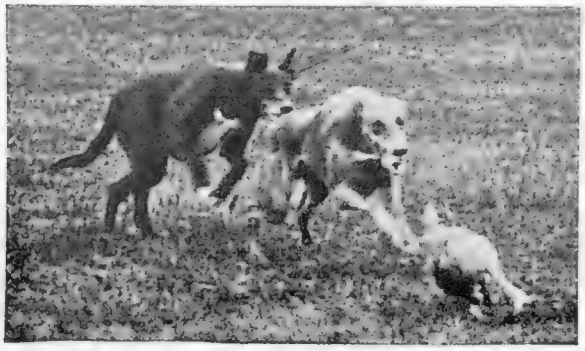
Slipping

E. Wilkinson, the slipper

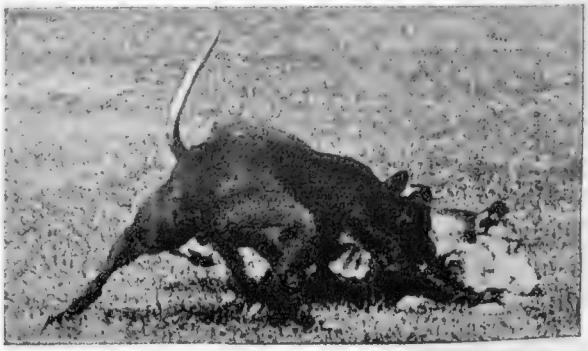
Mr. Brice, the judge

As a place for the public trial of greyhound puppies, the enclosure at Plumpton, where the coursing season began last week, has no rival. Hares were introduced into the enclosure from Norfolk and Wiltshire some weeks before the beginning of the season, and, although "housed" in a hurdled enclosure for the greater part of their time, they were given an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the main enclosure, round which is the steeplechase course, and the locality of the escapes into covert, by having their liberty for some hours on most days. Well looked after, and given especial tit-bits, as the dates of the coursing meetings were approached, the hares thrived, and among the most ardent lovers of open-country coursing, the opinion was held that a greyhound making his mark at Plumpton could be depended upon to run well anywhere; while as the length of the spins was always limited, excepting when the hares broke back, no better trial ground for puppies could be found. Abuses in connection with the enclosed system set in, and Plumpton, together with all the remaining enclosures, was closed to coursing and its followers until some three seasons ago. Mr. Horace Ledger, believing that there was still a chance for the sport as conducted at Plumpton, undertook the work of revival, and he has met with great success. The enclosure was well stocked with stout-running hares, and the fact that many of the greyhounds which ran at last week's meeting were slipped at hares which had been bred on the estate, shows how very natural enclosed coursing can be made. The old school of coursing men cannot, however, be persuaded to look with favour on what they term, rather contemptuously, "drawing-room" sport, although, excepting that all the game is reared in a natural manner and on open ground, the coursing at Altcar, Newmarket, Longtown, Lytham, Southport, and Lockerbie, where all the hares are driven to the slipper, differs very little indeed from that at Plumpton. The ideal form of the sport is where the hares are walked up, a system which is still in vogue at many old-fashioned meetings, and during the present season fine coursing will no doubt be seen on the Wiltshire downs, the Essex and Kent marshes, and at Orford, in Suffolk, where the vast expanse of ground which is coursed over cannot well be beaten.

Mr. Hodgkinson, the owner of the Plumpton Ground, and his son



Hard pressed



Both in at the kill

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

The Tourist Trophy Race

A close finish and good sport marked the latest car competition, held in Manxland. Yet just one thing spoilt the proceedings—the winner was very far from being a touring car. The introduction of an ill-considered weight-limit into the rules regulating the trophy, robbed the race of much of its value. The chassis-weight of almost all medium-powered touring models is over 1,600 lbs.—the maximum allowed by the conditions of the race. Some few makers refused to alter their touring types, not caring to risk their reputations with too light a chassis. Others produced a type that I can hardly think they would choose to sell to the public. Unusually low frames, important parts of suspicious lightness, the side members of the frame drilled with holes like a racing car, road wheels with far too little margin of resistance, such things belong more to racing cars than to tourist types.

Why Not a Race for Absolutely Bonâ-fide Touring Cars?

The enterprising way such important firms as the Peugeot, the Napier, the Swift, the Argyll, the Clement, and many others, endeavoured to comply with the conditions is praiseworthy. It only makes one regret all the more the imposition of such a weight-limit. The Tourist Trophy race is supposed to be a race for touring cars. Why not let it be a race for touring cars? It is to be presumed that every year each firm does its best to design and sell to its clients a satisfactory touring car. Why not race these standard models? It would be difficult to get a more interesting race than one between the different touring models soon to be exhibited at Olympia. The supply of petrol could be limited, as in the recent race, and the weight of the passengers and tonneau could be fixed, care being taken, by-the-by, that the body of every car competing complied with a sufficiently high standard of comfort and elegance. There might be two classes, regulated by price—say, up to £500 and over £500. Piece for piece, bolt for bolt, the competing cars ought to be absolutely stock patterns. A most valuable and interesting race would ensue, and prospective buyers amongst the public could hardly fail to appreciate such a test.

The Contrast between French and English Methods

After four weeks' motoring on the Continent, the police conditions existent in this country seem all the more curious. I have driven many hundred miles, to Biarritz, into Spain, among the purple Pyrenees, down to Marseilles, along by the Mediterranean to Monaco, through the French Alps and the Auvergnes. Obedient always to the speed regulations existing in the towns and villages, I have not been stopped or spoken to once by a gendarme. Though travelling at a good round pace, not a dog has been touched, not even a chicken killed. Anyone else can do exactly the same. A little common-sense, a little consideration, is all that is wanted. With such a proof of the efficient safety of the motor fresh in my mind, the irrational methods of the English police seem near to idiocy.

Nothing but Trouble

All over the country, trouble between motorists and the local benches. In Nottinghamshire the

Photo by *Mrs. H. Smith*

The first Nonconformist place of worship built in England: The chapel of the Scottish Covenanters at Horningsham Wilts

About the year 1560, one Thomas Thynne, from whom is descended the present Marquis of Bath, bought the estate of Longleat, and built upon it the handsome mansion now standing. He employed in its erection twenty masons from Scotland, and as they were dissatisfied with the service at the parish church, they built this chapel, and worshipped in it according to the forms of the Scottish Covenanters. It has been regularly used, since then, as a place of worship, and, according to a clause in the original deed, it is still roofed with thatch

Automobile Club of the district have found it necessary to boycott a town as a protest against a decision of the Buxton magistrates. On the Brighton road, the police traps, which were temporarily suspended when money was flowing into Brighton on the occasion of the motor races, are again in force. The Sussex County Police are again sitting in the hedge at the bottom of Handcross Hill. The police trap starting in the road-dip on the last portion of the descent finishes as the road ascends again in the direction of Bolney. Among the eighteen people recently caught in this unnecessary trap was the Vanguard omnibus, which has recently undertaken daily journeys to Brighton and back. To interfere with a public service vehicle, to credit it with a speed of *thirty-two miles an hour*, is a police record which will want some beating. Then, too, there is Andover. Here the worthy bench of magistrates have just made their thousand—"not out." One thousand sovereigns have they extracted from passing motorists during the last nine months.

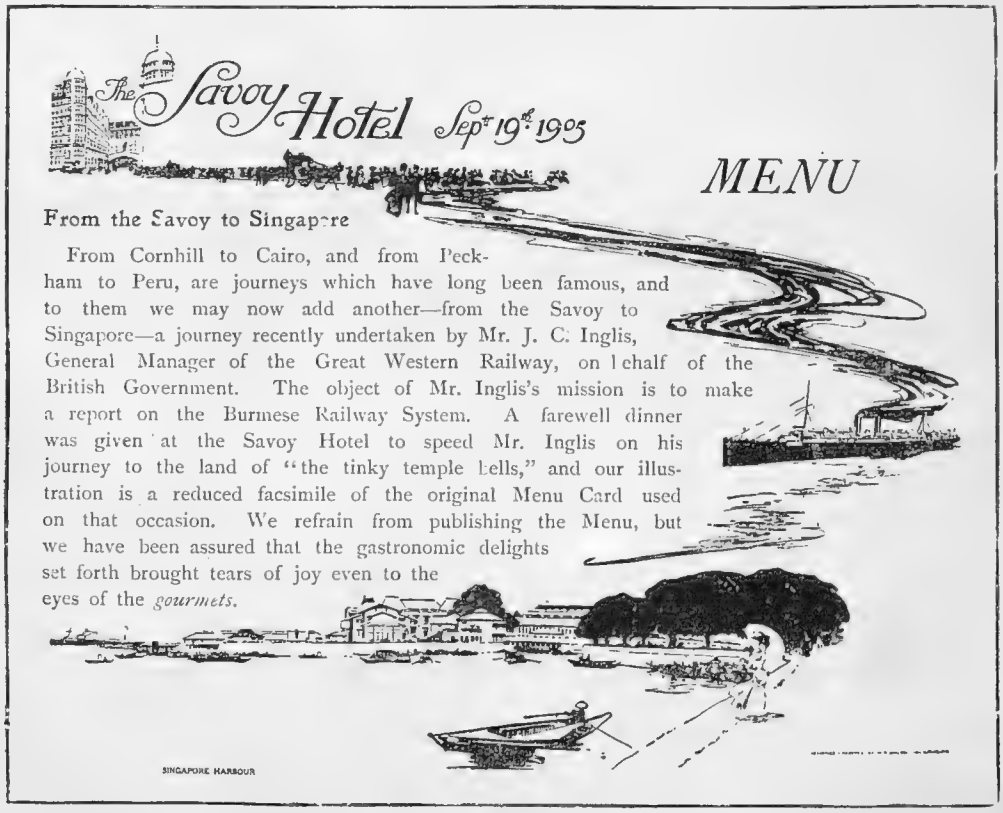
Ship Your Car Across the Channel

This extraordinary contrast between the French and English methods of treating the automobile compels one to offer most unpatriotic advice. All one can say is, *take your car abroad and spend your money in France.* Practically speaking, this stupid police persecution, coupled with the prejudicial ignorance of many of our magistrates, makes a motor holiday in our England impossible. Across the Channel, good roads, good cooking, clean hotels, and courtesy await you, and really the cost of the crossing is hardly worth considering compared with the inevitable expense and trouble attendant on police proceedings—proceedings which are sure to ensue if you tour for a few weeks in England. So many cars have crossed during the last year or two that no troublesome formalities await the genuine tourist. Much as I like France, and much as I have enjoyed a month's holiday there, it hardly seems right [illegible] wise motorists to leave our beautiful England and spend their money abroad. Far from being one who can only see good in foreign lands, my advice to tour abroad is given with regret. Far too much money goes abroad in the holiday-season as it is—the increasing habit of holiday-making with a motor should have tended to keep people at home, and might well have done much to revive many of the old coaching inns.

Something More About the Royal Commission

Weeks ago, in these columns, I referred to the coming Royal Commission. The recommendations of this body will, doubtless, as most of us now know, form the subject of legislation. To help matters before the Commission, the joint committee of the Club and the Motor Union have compiled a schedule of questions which they wish individual car-owners to answer. Space prevents me from enumerating the different points on which information is desired, but I would ask motorists, in their own interests, to send for a copy and fill it up. Individual returns will be regarded as strictly confidential, and the general results only will be published. Besides helping with information, motorists really ought to send some contribution to the funds. The motor case wants properly presenting, and money is required to do it. Surely owners can spare a guinea or two—the scantiness of church collections just now is a topic in the daily Press—I hope that this car collection may prove more attractive, and that many guineas will find their way to the Secretary of the Motor Union, 16, Down Street, Piccadilly, W., during the next week or two.

ALFRED C. HUNTER.



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Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Unanimous

The general consensus of opinion has it that *La Mode* is in one of her most bewildering moods this autumn. Like the bagpipe, described in the famed "Bab Ballads," she wanders about into several keys, "is jerky, spasmodic," and whirls us from one period to another with the perverseness of the true coquette.

Now this is an attitude, not only bewildering, but positively tantalising to the person with a mercantile mind, who has to buy early—in the air, so to say—and who, this season, has been perforce, compelled to nibble at various vogues without emphasising one in particular. On the other hand, to those of us whose privilege it is merely to wear the clothes, there is distinct attraction in this *imprévu* versatility. That only which is required of us is courage, the which, if we take firmly between our hands, will carry to success practically any fashion. Only having once elected to be exclusive, in the name of elegance do not let us venture to betray the slightest doubt as to the complete superiority of our choice. The most extravagant vogue worn with an "air" seldom fails to express conviction. But, of course, it is not given to everyone to command the said "air," since that is of a subtle inward origin, far too psychologically deep to attempt to define in a frivolous dissertation such as "Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows."

A Comforting Certainty

About the prevalence of gold and silver tissue ornaments, however, there is no shadow of doubt. These touches are ubiquitous. A novelty of delightful *genre* is a silver tissue shot with a colour. For yoke and chemisette effects, finely tucked, and delicately enhanced by fine lace applications, this is really charming, and it is also frequently in evidence as a background to broad lace insertions, proving especially successful when the *dentelle* is black.

On millinery, again, both gold and silver tissue are much in request, while tailors are deeply enamoured of a dull gold bullion embroidery, which they exploit on velvet for fashioning the small neat turn-over collars—now *de rigueur*—and cuffs to their cloth gowns. And there is, by the way, such a bewitching green that comes to my mind, mentioning the above embroidery, entitled "Empire." This I should describe as of a medium tone, perhaps tending to a pale rather than a dark shade, and just a little sad in suggestion. I am quite prepared to prophesy the greatest success following the revival, though the success will necessarily be confined to the elect few, for this particular tone of *vert* is only possible with the best dyes.

And just a word about the much-talked-of garnet-red. Avoid it, all you who value a modistic reputation, as the plague in any but the most superfine quality face cloths, for it is utterly impossible to produce the requisite bloom in the rough-surfaced fabrics and cheaper m[illegible] cloth. In velvet it comes out exceedingly [illegible] areas in a corduroy velveteen it is just as con[illegible]place as it can well be.

A Quick-Change Costume

"I have not got a rag to my back." That is the parrot-cry of the moment. And it is mostly true Recently returned travellers are easily discernible by the faded aspect of all their garments; everything is just a little "off," and the sun, at moments, most mercilessly advertises this summer-soiled raiment. Well! the quick-change costume, just to put [illegible]on, we have so frequently pined to possess, is to be found at Messrs. Shoolbred, Tottenham Court Road.

During the summer months, as was related in these very columns, the firm, in most enterprising fashion, pioneered some muslin blouse-robes that were perfect miracles of excellence and cheapness, the blouse ready to be slipped into, and the robe skirt merely awaiting the sewing up of the back seam to declare itself equally complete. And so triumphant did this clever departure prove, the Vienna house responsible for the output have been encouraged to continue the scheme with fancy cloths and materials. The accompanying illustration of one of these blouse-robes represents a smart green and red plaid on a brown ground, and the picture discloses the very admirable appearance one can arrive at in the space of a few hours by the modest expenditure of 59*s.* 6*d.*

Now I propose to be quite frank about the blouse-robe frocks; they are not a panacea for every modistic woe, but represent just the useful knock-about possession so many of us now stand in need of, while they cannot, at the same time, fail to prove the very finest solution to the difficulty the busy worker or the business girl has in procuring the really well-cut and well-made quick-change costume. 49*s.* 6*d.* is the next price, and this, strangely enough, carries a decorative touch of silk embroidery, but the whole consignment is well worth investigating. As also those perfectly cut blouses, emanating from the same Vienna source, and which stand unique in the annals of such matters for clever cut and finish, each model running through three stock sizes.

Paquin's New Trade Mark

Paquin announce that, owing to their Trade Mark having been extensively counterfeited, they have decided to change it periodically; therefore, for the protection of their clients, the waistbands of all models issued during the ensuing season will bear the name of "Paquin" in yellow letters on a white ground.

Do Listen To This!

A party of some eight or nine Americans foregathered in one of the biggest West End

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A Smart Green and Red Plaid Blouse-Robe

(Sketched at Messrs. Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road, by K. Pleydel Young)

establishments the other morning—a shop not a hundred miles from Oxford Circus—and seated themselves on chairs in one of the most important gangways. Whereupon an amiable attendant advanced to await commands, and received the following explanation: "I guess, young man, we have not come to shop to-day; we only arranged to meet here and have a chat." And they chatted for forty minutes.

LETTERS AND THEIR WRITERS

owing to the rise in popularity of picture post-cards, ly other causes, many people maintain that the letter-writ g out. Nevertheless, there are still some who can ood letter, which will give pleasure to the recipie ollowing, written from Cornwall, dated September 7, 190 —

"I have set up an installation of your S.D. Telephones here, and although the wiring for the one by myself, and the joints leave a good deal to be , and in spite of a very damp atmosphere, I find th elephones completely satisfactory, and far more distinct tha the ordinary Exchange instrument. I am particularly pleased with their solid workmanship, as anything of the kind I have seen before was put together with the flimsiness of a toy."

The receipt of a letter like this is bound to give pleasure, and it was certainly gratifying to the Electric and Ordnance Accessories Co., Ltd., Stellite Works, Birmingham, to have this spontaneous expression of opinion from one of their clients. There was solid fact in this letter, and if the telephones gave such satisfaction to the writer of it, it is only fair to assume that they possess some unique and striking features. As a matter of

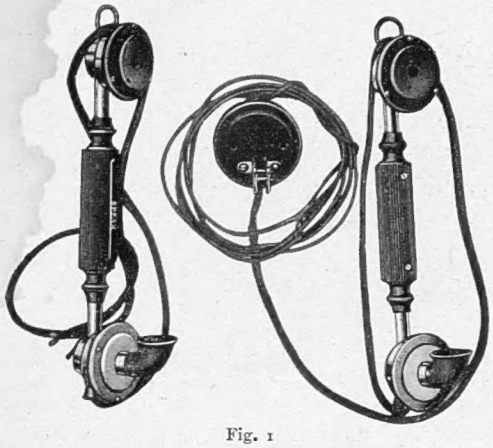

Fig. 1

fact, the above opinion is not an isolated one, and only the day before its receipt, a letter, of which the following is a copy, had been received from Newcastle :—

"Since writing you on the 28/12/04 *re* S.D. Telephones, I have had them in constant use, and although through accident the table instrument and stand fell on the floor, it was not a bit the worse, but is in perfect order. Rather a rough test! but it proves the quality and workmanship. I have not even looked at the battery, though it is nearly twelve months since I myself fixed these telephones. They save mistress and maid many a journey, not to mention the wear and tear of floor coverings."

Now, obviously, if the telephones mentioned in the foregoing letters are of such service to their users, given reasonable prices, they should prove of equal service to you and many other householders. The prices range from 15*s*. per pair (see Fig. 1). For 15*s*. you can purchase a pair of instruments that you yourself can attach to your existing electric bell, and so convert it into a working telephone, with no expense for new

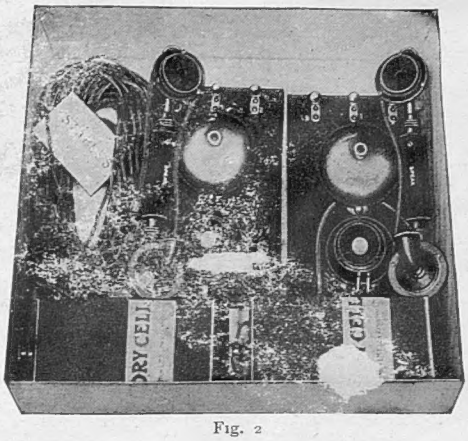

Fig. 2

wires, bells or batteries. Should it happen that you have no electric bells already fitted, don't think that the telephones do not interest you. Of course, you will need wires, batteries, etc., but you can obtain these, with a pair of instruments, and the most complete instructions for 34*s*., delivered at any address in the United Kingdom. (See Fig. 2.) You should bear in mind that these telephones are British-made throughout, and that they are substantial and reliable, and, at the same time, neat and ornamental. Every instrument carries a twelve months' guarantee, and to show their entire confidence in these telephones, the makers are prepared to send a sample pair, and if they do not fulfil all your expectations, and the claims of the makers, you are quite at liberty to return them. Of course, more elaborate systems can be obtained, and if any reader contemplates an extensive scheme, perhaps it would be as well to obtain an illustrated catalogue, B 9, from The Electric and Ordnance Accessories Co., Ltd., Stellite Works, Birmingham.

If you happen to be in London between September 25 and October 21, you should make it convenient to see the display of these and other telephones at Stands 51 and 64 at the great Electrical Exhibition at Olympia.

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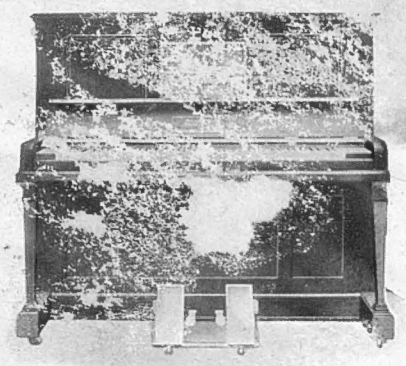
The "Pianola Piano"

AN INVISIBLE PIANO-PLAYER MANUFACTURED BY THE ORCHE[illegible]

After many years of careful thought and invention, the enterprising Orchestrelle Company, who manufacture and sell the Metrostyle Pianola, have recently completed and placed upon the market a form of piano and piano-player in one, which they have styled the "Pianola Piano." This instrument is very cunningly contrived, so as to show no outward traces of its capabilities, though within it contains all the essential parts of a self-playing attachment. This, however, is so arranged that it in no way interferes with the playing of the instrument in the ordinary way, *i.e.* by hand. The necessary pedals can be folded away in a twinkling, a sliding panel covers the space where the music-roll is inserted, and it would take a very sharp eye to detect the inconspicuous metal knobs by which the [illegible] when it is desired to make t[illegible]



[illegible] h.-p.; at Blackpool, [illegible] Handicap, defeating [illegible] was the smallest car [illegible] kegness, it won the [illegible] £350 and under, [illegible] 14 h.-p. In each [illegible] pianist, the Humber car has "romped home," as the expression goes; while in reliability and hill-climbing [illegible] we believe, in e[illegible] glish Broadwo[illegible] [illegible]os, in American, and in German instruments, so that everyone can choose the style of piano best suited to his requirements. The self-p[illegible]ing mechanism is fitted with the famous Metrostyle, which enables anyone, by foll[illegible]ing certain marks on the music-roll, to reproduce the interpretations of acknowledged masters. To the true musician, who will, no doubt, be disposed to regard the capabilities of any piano-player as limited, the invention here referred to is well worth investigating as a curiosity, while, to the average person, it will be a great acquisition.

The Menu

SOME DISHES FOR A SEASONABLE LITTLE DINNER

Slices of Melon

Clear Soup

Fillets of Sole à la Reine

Ox-Tails with Haricots Verts

Roast Partridges Salad

Meringues Mulberry Jelly

Cheese Straws

FILLETS OF SOLE À LA REINE

Take some fillets of sole, spread them on one side with a layer of stuffing, made of breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and cayenne, and a little beaten egg. Roll up the fillets of sole, and tie each one round with tape. Boil them in water with a little salt till tender, drain them and put them aside. Make a white sauce with a little stock, thickened with flour, mixed to a smooth paste with cold milk, add a small lump of butter, two cloves, pepper and salt. Let this simmer till flavoured; strain, put back in the saucepan, add a spoonful of cream and the beaten yolk of an egg. Put the cooked fillets of sole in this sauce to get quite hot, but it must not boil after the cream and egg are added. Remove the tape carefully, and dish the fillets upright, with the sauce round them.

OX-TAILS WITH HARICOT VERTS

Take two ox-tails, cut them into joints, soak them in salted water, put them on in cold water, boil up slowly, then strain and rinse well. Put two slices of lean ham in a stewpan, with two carrots, two onions, one shallot, one turnip, five cloves, ten peppercorns, a small blade of mace, and a bunch of herbs. Add the tails, cover with stock or water, season with a little salt, and let simmer for three hours. As soon as the small pieces are tender, remove them, and let the larger cook another hour or so. Put them on a hot dish, strain and thicken the stock, which should be free of all fat, let it boil well, pour the sauce and vegetables over the tails and serve.

FRUIT SYRUP FOR JELLY

To 6 lb. of mulberries put three pints of water and 2 oz. of citric acid. Let it stand three days, frequently stirring it; then strain through muslin, and to each pint add ¾ lb. sugar (do not boil), but when the sugar is dissolved, bottle in clear glass bottles, and in three days cork and keep in a cool place. *When required for a jelly.*—To 2 oz. gelatine, soaked in water and stirred in a saucepan till dissolved, add sufficient fruit syrup to flavour and colour it. Set in a damp mould, and let it stand till quite cold. Do not boil the syrup, as it spoils the colour.

CHEESE STRAWS

Take 2 oz. of flour, and mix with it a little salt and a cayenne-spoonful of red pepper. Then take 3 oz. of Parmesan cheese; grate it. Rub the cheese and 2 oz. of butter well into the flour, then mix all these ingredients together, with the yolk of an egg, into a smooth, stiff paste. Roll the paste out into a strip ⅛ in. in thickness and 5 in. wide, which is to be the length of the cheese straws. Cut this strip of paste into strips ⅛ in. wide, so that they will be 5 in. long and ⅛ in. in thickness. With the remainder of the paste, and with two round cutters, cut little rings of paste. Put the cheese straws and rings on the baking sheet, and put them into a hot oven for ten minutes, the heat rising to 246 degrees. For serving, put the cheese straws through the rings like a bundle of sticks.

EMILIA.

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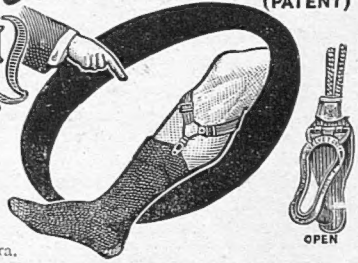

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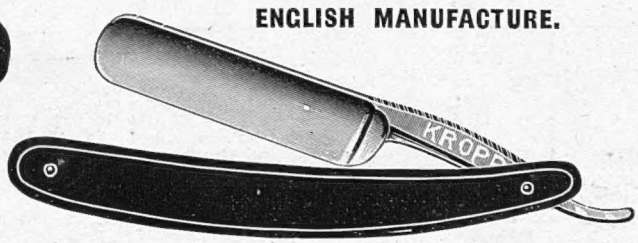

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The Editor's Box

Apollo Theatre

Mr. Wentworth Croke will, by arrangement with Mr. Tom B. Davis, produce at the Apollo Theatre to-morrow (September 28), *The Gay Lord Vergy*. The piece is in no way a comic opera pure and simple, neither can it be correctly described as a musical comedy. It is frankly opera bouffe, and this is the description attached to the title by the management and the authors. The scene is laid in France during the time of the Crusades, and the costumes may, therefore, be expected to be quaint and fresh to the eye of London. The plot follows the adventures of Le Sire de Vergy, his wife Gabrielle, and his dearest friend Le Sire de Coucy—the well-known French *ménage à trois*, thrown back into a past age. Here the adaptor, Mr. Arthur Sturgess, has had to tread very circumspectly indeed, the French version being quite impossible in England. However, it is hoped that a happy medium has been struck, and that, while keeping in the humour, the "too too" French episodes will not be prominent. The music is for the greater part by M. Claude Terrasse, but a number of musical interpolations have been penned by Mr. Theo. Wendt to the lyrics of Mr. Arthur Sturgess. Mr. Sydney Ellison, by permission of Mr. George Edwardes, is producing the opera. Included in the cast are: Mlle. Aurèlie Rèvy, Miss Gracie Leigh, Miss Isabel Ohmead, Miss Cora Williams, Miss Madge Temple, Miss Ethel Ross-Selwicke; Messrs. Aubrey Fitz Gerald, Sydney Barraclough, W. Cheesman, W. F. Manning, Norman Salmond, and John Le Hay. The first act is laid in Gabrielle's boudoir, in the Castle of Le Sire de Vergy, at Avignon; Act II. takes place in the courtyard of the Castle, and the third act in a wood at night.

Dresses at the Palace Theatre

Whatever the result may be of Mr. Alfred Butt's experiment at the Palace Theatre in putting on a "Revue," the audience, at any rate, will have a sartorial treat. All the modern dresses worn by the lady principals and chorus are being made by Landolff, the famous Paris costumier, who has supplied the best of the gowns worn in the most successful "revues" recently produced in Paris. The designs have been specially drawn by A. Edel. It is an interesting coincidence that the first Landolff achievement seen in London was in the ladies' dresses worn in *From London to Paris*, the musical extravaganza which was a feature of the late Sir Augustus Harris's programme when he opened the Palace Theatre as a variety house thirteen years ago. The cast has been completed by the engagement of Miss Lottie Venne for the part of the Duchess of Doric.

Our Coloured Supplement

With this issue we present our readers with a supplement from an original sketch by R. Bennett. The subject, "When the Leaves are Falling," is quite apposite, or will be in a very short space of time, and the plate will be an excellent addition to the gallery of BYSTANDER Supplements, comprising the work of the leading artists of the day.

Church Army Notes

It is all very well for people to feel at home in Church, but there is such a thing as carrying a good principle too far. Two Billingsgate fish-porters had a little difference of opinion one day, not long ago, and, each being willing to back his opinion to the extent of fighting for it, they agreed to adjourn to the vestibule of St. Mary-at-Hill Church, which is situated in the heart of that well-known, if high-flavoured neighbourhood, and to settle the question in dispute in the good old English way by means of their fists. In former days, single combats used to take place under the sanction of the ecclesiastical authorities, but, in this case, the Church, in the person of the verger of St. Mary-at-Hill, set its ban on the conflict, and attempted to turn the combatants into the street. The ecclesiastical power proved inadequate, and the temporal power had to be summoned, in the person of a couple of policemen, under whose persuasive methods the combatants made a treaty of peace and departed in friendship. A more edifying spectacle at St. Mary-at-Hill is the daily Lantern Service, at 1.30. From 150 to 200 men, mostly from Billingsgate, assemble every day for the short, cheerful service, in their working clothes. In its way, this is one of the sights of London, and it is certainly unique.

An All-British Car

The recent remarkable performances of the 8-10 h.-p. Coventry Humber car are exciting the widest interest amongst motorists in general. At Brighton, this car won the open scratch race in its class, defeating cars up to 20 h.-p.; at Blackpool, it won the [illegible] Handicap, defeating all rivals; [illegible] was the smallest car competing; [illegible] Skegness, it won the scratch race for cars of £350 and under, defeating rivals of 14 h.-p. In each of these races, the Humber car has "romped home," as the expression goes; while in reliability and hill-climbing it has scored, we believe, in every contest in which it has competed. As, with four-seated body, its price is only 255 guineas, it is affording a revelation in motor-car manufacture, and not the least satisfactory feature is that it is entirely British, every part being made at the Coventry Works of Messrs. Humber, Ltd.

A Cure for Sea Sickness

The following letter speaks for itself, and may be of assistance to many readers who have qualms when about to take a sea trip:

Theatre Royal, Bradford.

September 12, 1905.

DEAR SIRS,—I am writing this testimonial to say that I am more grateful to you than you can imagine. I had read about "Yanatas" in *Truth*, and, being a martyr to sea-sickness, determined, without much hope of success, to give "Yanatas" a trial. We started from Douglas, Isle of Man, in the roughest of rough weather on a small boat, and I do not think out of the eighty-seven people in the *Catch of the Season* Company, five per cent. escaped being ill, with the exception of myself, my husband, and eight of the ladies who took "Yanatas." I consider "Yanatas" is the most wonderful thing possible. No one ought to travel without it; I never shall.

Yours truly,

ELLALINE TERRISS (HICKS).

The Royal Institute of Public Health

The Harben Lectures will be delivered in the Lecture Room of the above Institute on Tuesday, October 10, Thursday, October 12, and Tuesday, October 17, at 5 p.m., by Professor Thomas Oliver, M.A., M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P., Physician to the Royal Infirmary, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The subject of these lectures is, "Some of the Maladies caused by the air we breathe in the Home, the Factory, and the Mine, including a description of Caisson Disease or Compressed Air Illness." The lectures are open to the public, and all interested are cordially invited to be present.

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